A LITTLE GIRL OF LONG AGO

BY ELIZA ORNE WHITE

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By Eliza Orne White

NOVELS

THE FIRST STEP.
THE WARES OF EDGEFIELD.
JOHN FORSYTH'S AUNTS.
LESLEY CHILTON.
WINTERBOROUGH.
THE COMING OF THEODORA.
MISS BROOKS.
A LOVER OF TRUTH.
A BROWNING COURTSHIP, AND OTHER STORIES.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THE BLUE AUNT.
THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.
BROTHERS IN FUR.
A BORROWED SISTER.
AN ONLY CHILD.
WHEN MOLLY WAS SIX.
A LITTLE GIRL OF LONG AGO.
EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

CATHARINE

OLIVIA WALLACE

MARIETTA

A Little Girl of Long Ago

by

Eliza Orne White

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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TO

FOUR GENERATIONS OF HAMILTONS

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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A LITTLE GIRL OF LONG AGO

A VOYAGE IN THE TOPAZ

Marietta Hamilton stood on the deck of the ship Topaz with a doll clasped in her arms. It was made of wood, and had an ugly wooden face, and, although she had owned this rare creature only three hours, its nose was already broken off; but the little girl's bliss was as great as if her doll had had a Grecian nose and flaxen hair. Marietta and her doll were watching a brave little ship that was sailing gallantly across the Atlantic. It was a full-fledged vessel, all complete, with sails and masts just like the large one, although it was only a foot and a half long; and it was tied by a rope to the stern of the Topaz, so that two boats sailed across the sea, one large and powerful, the other frail and very tiny.

"I wish my doll could sail in that ship," Marietta thought. "It is just the right size for her. Will you have a gumdrop, Catherine Olivia?" she

asked, politely offering one to the doll, who bore the names of Marietta's older sisters, because they had dressed it for her.

Catherine Olivia seemed indifferent to the gum-drop, so Marietta slipped it into her own mouth. It was the last of a bucketful of sugar-plums that had been given her by some kind friend when she and her family left Scotland to return to their old home in America.

It is seventy years since Marietta made that voyage, and in those far-away days many things were different from what they are at present; but although people crossed the ocean in stately sailing-vessels with strange names, instead of in swift steamers, and even the dolls were of another generation, the nature of little girls was very like what it is now, and so it happened that on this breezy afternoon Marietta was as naughty as if she had been a little girl of to-day.

She was the youngest of the Hamilton children; in fact she was very young indeed, only three and a half. She had a brother Wallace, who came next her in age, and who was the proprietor of the tiny ship; and the two sisters for whom her doll was named. Olivia was a mischievous, dark-eyed sprite of seven, and Catherine was a sedate little maiden of nine.

"Marietta," said her mother, "do you think you could find Catherine and get her to bring me a glass of water?"

"I will get it for you myself, mother," she answered proudly.

"Do you think you can, dear? I am afraid you will spill it."

Marietta was already starting for the cabin. Her father and the other gentlemen were sitting at the dining-room table, lingering over their wine and nuts.

"Please, father, I want a tumbler of water," said Marietta.

"Dear me, how old and steady you are getting to be, young lady!" said her father, as he poured it out for her.

This compliment pleased Marietta. It was hard to get the water up the stairs without spilling it, for the ship was pitching and tossing, and the little girl's face had an anxious expression. She managed successfully, however, for the glass was not very full. She felt extremely important when her mother said,—

"You are a good girl, Marietta. You have n't spilled a single drop. You are my little woman."

Unfortunately Mrs. Hamilton did not drink all

the water in the tumbler, and so Marietta started to offer what was left to her sister Olivia. Olivia was standing by the tall skylight which came up through the deck like a tunnel, to give light to the cabin below. It was open, and the two little girls peeped down and saw their father and his friends sitting at the cabin table, with the nutshells on their plates and the half-filled wine-glasses at one side. There was a bald gentleman who sat just under the skylight. Marietta could not see his face, as his back was towards her, but there was something about his shiny head that fascinated her, for she had never had such a good view of it when she had looked at him from below.

It suddenly occurred to her that, instead of giving the water to Olivia, she might throw it down on the head of the bald gentleman. She knew that it would be a naughty thing to do, but the more she looked at the shiny bald head, the more she wondered what would happen if she should drench it with water. It seemed to her that old gentlemen ought not to sit directly under tunnels, if they were not willing to take the risk of little accidents of this kind. Finally the temptation became too strong to be resisted.

"I will see if I can't surprise him," she said aloud.

Indeed she did surprise him! It was so easy, so very, very easy, to throw the water down, that it was strange so simple an act should cause such a commotion.

The bald gentleman gave a great start and exclaimed, "Bless my soul! what is that?"

Then he looked up at the skylight with a scowling face and said, "Hamilton, that must have been one of your children."

Mr. Hamilton strode out of the cabin and hurried on deck. He was very angry. Olivia had the presence of mind to run away, but Marietta stood perfectly still, dazed and surprised at her act, with the tumbler in her hand.

"Marietta," said her father sternly, "did you throw down that water?"

"Yes, sir," she said in a frightened little voice.

"You were a very naughty girl. Did n't you know that you were a very naughty girl?"

"Yes, sir."

He caught her up in his arms.

"What are you going to do with that child?" asked Marietta's mother.

"I am going to shut her up in her stateroom for a week."

Poor little Marietta was extremely unhappy when

the door was finally closed and she was left to herself. It did not seem fair that a thing which took so short a time to accomplish should be followed by such terrible consequences. She was not angry with her father, she was simply overwhelmed with the suddenness of what had occurred. A week was a very long time; it was much longer than a day. The kind man with the yellow hair had promised to play games with them that afternoon on deck, and the week would not be over in time. Then she began to cry. Perhaps there would be whales spouting in the distance and she should not see them; perhaps the yellow-haired gentleman would play the delightful game with the handkerchiefs; perhaps— It was very sad to be a naughty girl. She had been a good girl all day and a naughty girl just one minute, and because she had been a naughty girl one minute she was to be shut up a whole week! The poor child's sobs grew louder and louder. The time seemed long, but it was really only about half an hour before she heard her father and his friends coming up on deck.

"Well, children," said the kind man with the yellow hair, "get out your handkerchiefs. Take hold of the handkerchief around my waist, Catherine. Come, Olivia, take hold of the handkerchief around

your sister's waist; Wallace next and then Marietta. Why, where is Marietta?"

"Yes, where is Marietta?" asked her father.

"In the stateroom, of course, where you left her," said her mother.

"Go and let her out."

The little girl's joy was almost too great for words. She could play the handkerchief game after all! As her mother opened the stateroom door, Marietta caught hold of her hand and whispered, "Pretty short week, was n't it?"

She never enjoyed the handkerchief game as much as she did that afternoon. And, indeed, the water was getting so rough that it was more exciting than usual. They all stood in a line, each child taking hold of the handkerchief around the waist of the playfellow in front; and when the ship rolled to one side, they would all slide down the deck together; and when it gave another lurch, they would turn quickly and all slide back again.

"A storm is coming," said the yellow-haired gentleman; "we shall have to make the most of this pleasant afternoon, for I don't know when we shall get another."

The next day the little Hamiltons could not go up on deck, for the ship was pitching and tossing,

and great waves were rolling over their playground, while the wind blew a gale and the rain was pouring in torrents. Mrs. Hamilton was in despair, for the children were knocked down so often. At last she tried putting them all into their berths, but this was worse than anything, for when they were thrown out they had farther to fall. Finally a bright idea occurred to her, and she took four handkerchiefs out of her trunk. In those days handkerchiefs were almost as large as pillow-cases, and could be made useful in more than one way.

"Come into the cabin, children," she said.

"What are you going to do now, mother?" asked Catherine.

As she spoke the ship gave a tremendous lurch, and she and her little brother and sisters were thrown down in a heap. They seemed all legs and arms, and it was hard to tell at first to which child the wildly waving arms and legs belonged. Mrs. Hamilton herself was thrown against the cabin wall.

"Come, Catherine," she said, and she took a handkerchief and tied her eldest child to one of the legs of the cabin table; then she fastened Olivia securely to a second leg, while Wallace was tied to a third, and Marietta to the fourth.

"How fortunate it is," said Mrs. Hamilton, "that there are only as many children as table-legs!"

The little Hamiltons were as safe and comfortable as possible after that, for when the ship lurched they could not be hurt.

At last the storm was over, and the children were glad enough to be on deck again. They were in high spirits, especially Olivia, who said she was ready for anything.

Marietta brought up all her playthings, and among them the little wooden bucket that had once been full of sugar-plums.

As she stood by the taffrail she was looking unusually sober.

"What's the matter, Pollywog?" asked Olivia.

"The little ship has gone away," she said. "Where do you suppose it has sailed to?"

"The rope must have parted in the storm. I suppose it is sailing back to Scotland as fast as it can."

"Oh, how I wish it would bring me back some more sugar-plums!"

Olivia's eyes were dancing with fun.

"I never heard of a cargo of sugar-plums," she said. "Why don't you throw the *bucket* overboard? Perhaps it will come back full of sugar-plums."

Marietta was a simple and confiding little girl

who believed everything that was told her, so she threw the bucket over the edge of the ship into the sea.

"What a lovely splash!" she said, as it landed on the water. "Do you suppose it will bring me the sugar-plums to-day?"

"Oh, no; not for several days. It is a long voyage to Scotland and back."

It proved a long voyage indeed. Finally Marietta grew discouraged. She took her doll up on deck one morning and told her the whole sad story.

"Everything goes away, Catherine Olivia," she complained: "first the sugar-plums, because we ate them up; and then Wallace's ship; and then the bucket. Olivia, where do you suppose that bucket is?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Why don't you throw the doll overboard?" she suggested mischievously. "Perhaps she will find the bucket and bring it back full of sugar-plums."

Marietta hesitated, for, although she was a trusting little girl, "a doll in the hand" has certain advantages; but the more she thought about the sugar-plums, the more she longed for them, and, besides, she wanted to see the great splash that Catherine Olivia would make when she landed in

the water. So over into the sea the doll went, broken nose, new clothes, and all.

Olivia was almost as fond of the doll as Marietta was, and had punished herself far more than her small sister, for she was not buoyed up by the hope of Catherine Olivia's return.

The two children stood somewhat ruefully watching a bit of limp blue calico as it faded out of sight in the distance.

"I wish we had her here again," said Marietta. "She was very dear in spite of her broken nose. I suppose she won't come back for a week, Olivia?"

"I'm afraid not. I wish I had not told you to throw her overboard, you darling."

"She will come back some time," said Marietta confidently; "you told me she would come back, Olivia. We'll have a nice feast of sugar-plums. Perhaps she will find Wallace's ship, too, and sail in it across the sea."

CHARLES HAMILTON, JUNIOR

When the Hamiltons settled in Boston, after leaving the ship Topaz, they went to live on Beacon Street, near the spot where the Athenæum stands now. Across the way were some green terraces, with a house and arbor at the top of the hill; but although it is all so different on that side of the street at present, the Hamiltons' house is unchanged, and, if there are little girls living in it now, they have the same peaceful view from their nursery windows of green trees in the quiet Granary Burying Ground that Marietta had seventy years ago. It was a pleasant, large house, and was especially suited to the needs of four little Hamiltons; but they had not lived there long before there were five little Hamiltons, for a new baby came into the family.

Charles Hamilton, Junior, was a most interesting person. The first time that Marietta saw him he was a tiny creature, and not as handsome as he became later, but even then she thought him the

dearest little being in the world. As Marietta had heretofore been the youngest, she had never had an intimate acquaintance with babies, but she always looked at them with longing eyes when she saw them in the streets, and now to have one for her very own in her own nursery was almost too much happiness.

Charles Hamilton, Junior! He seemed so small to be called by such a long name!

"Well, what do you think of him, Marietta?" asked Edie, the nurse. "Your nose is quite out of joint now, young lady."

Marietta put her hand up to her small nose, but there did not seem to be anything the matter with it, so she was sure the nurse must be mistaken.

Charles Hamilton, Junior, was not dressed as babies are nowadays. His white gown was cut low and had short sleeves, so that Marietta had a good view of his fat little arms and neck; but, as if to make up for the exposure to his neck and arms, his small head was carefully enveloped in a white embroidered cap with a dainty ruffle around the edge. Of course Marietta wanted to see his little feet, and when she lifted his skirts she had to undo the flannel pinning-blanket that all well-brought-up babies wore. It was turned up at the end and fastened

with a large pin, so that he might be warm and comfortable. Although he wore such strange clothes, Charles Hamilton Junior's nature was precisely the same as that of the babies of to-day. He was neither better nor worse. When Marietta put her cold hands on his small toes, he began to squirm, and to pucker up his red face into a knot, and then he gave as loud a cry as so young a baby can give.

"He has ten little toes," Marietta announced. She was able to count as far as ten correctly.

"Yes, Marietta. It's strange, isn't it?" said the nurse. "How many did you suppose he would have?"

"Ten, of course."

Whenever Marietta saw anything that especially delighted her, she always wanted her father to share her pleasure, so now she went across the entry to his studio. The door was shut, and she gave a loud rap with her little fist.

Mr. Hamilton opened the door. He had his wooden palette in one hand and a paint-brush in the other. He was a very large man, more than six feet tall, and Marietta was a very small girl, nevertheless there was a strong likeness between the two.

"Well, how do you do, Miss Hamilton?" he said politely. "You managed to give quite a loud rap for one of your size. I thought it was the governor's lady at the very least."

Her father's studio was a most interesting place to Marietta. She did not care a great deal for the pictures which hung on the walls and stood on the floor, they were well enough, but what charmed her especially was a large doll, as large as a person. The doll was now sitting in a red plush chair that stood on a platform, and Mr. Hamilton was painting her gown. This afternoon, however, Marietta did not do more than glance at this stately individual.

"Father," she began, "have you seen the baby?"

"Yes, I've seen him, and I've heard him, too. You won't be the baby any longer, will you, little one?"

"I a baby, father!" Marietta drew herself up and tossed her small head. "I have been a big girl for a long time. I am almost four years old!"

"I beg your pardon, Pollyetta. I withdraw the word, since it offends you. We won't fight a duel about it. Well, how do you like your little brother?"

"I think he is beautiful."

"It seems strange, does n't it, that such a small

object should have the same name as a big man like me?" and he drew himself up to his full height.

"It's longer, father. He's Charles Hamilton, Junior."

"To be sure. Well, Pollyetta, do you approve of my picture?"

Marietta had been staring at a family group of herself and her older brother and sisters.

"Yes, father, but I think Charles Hamilton, Junior, ought to be in it."

"When Charles Hamilton, Junior, gets to be old enough to make as good a sitter as you do, Marietta, I will paint him, but not before."

This time was a long way off, and many events took place first. It was not until Charles was a year and a half old, and Marietta a little more than five, that the most interesting things began to happen. She was very happy that spring when the trees in the burying ground became covered with a faint green fuzz, and she first heard the songs of the bluebirds and robins, for Marietta loved summer and out-of-door pleasures with all her little heart. On Sunday afternoons her father took her and the older children for a walk along the Milldam, a narrow road, with the water coming close to it on both sides, and trees planted along the way, all bent

towards the west, for the east wind was as busy in those days as it is now. They always had to stop at the toll-gate to pay a penny a head, before they were allowed to pass through to the Milldam, and Marietta thought so large a family was very expensive.

Later in the season came the bathing. This was Marietta's especial delight. A procession of little Hamiltons, headed by the nurse with Charles in her arms, used to go down to Braman's baths, which were close at hand, near the corner of Charles and Beacon streets, on the river, not far from the present Public Garden. The children were undressed in a small room, and their bathing-suits were put on. They were not like those of the present time, being nothing more nor less than nightgowns. Four little white-robed figures would then go down the green, slimy steps that led to the water, cautiously holding the rope at one side. Wallace soon learned to swim, but it did not occur to any one that it was the correct thing for girls to undertake this dangerous pastime; so little Marietta and her sisters had to content themselves with jumping up and down and throwing the water over each other, while Wallace swam out beyond his depth and enjoyed himself hugely.

"Marietta," he said on one of these occasions, "this would be a fine chance for you to throw Charles into the water, to see if he can't find your doll and my ship and the bucket of sugar-plums."

Charles was sitting in his nurse's lap, watching the other children.

"That was when I was a little girl," said Marietta indignantly. "I know better than that now."

"I am sure Charles would enjoy it very much," said Olivia, throwing a whole shower-bath of water over Marietta's head as she spoke.

Although the joys of bathing could not as yet be shared by Charles, there were other pleasures in which he already took part, for by this time he could walk and run and talk after a fashion. The Hamiltons learned to walk before they were a year old, and they could talk plainly by the time they were two. I do not know how it was with Catherine, but each of the others had had an older child to copy, and this made them mature in their ways.

The favorite playground of the Hamilton children at this period of their lives was the flat roof that covered their house. Here, even on the hottest days, they could get a breeze, and here Charles Hamilton, Junior, joined in their games. One warm morning in June, when they were playing

there, Olivia proposed to Marietta that they should try to see which could run the faster.

"Me run, too," said Charles.

"All right, you little dear; run if you like," said Olivia.

So the small Charles ran as fast as he could, and Olivia chased him. He enjoyed it immensely, and really seemed to think that he could run faster than Olivia. Presently Marietta began to run after him, too.

"You are a little man," said Olivia. "Marietta and I can't either of us catch you."

Edie, the nurse, was sitting near by, making an apron for Marietta. She glanced up from her work from time to time to see that her charges were not getting into mischief.

At last Charles took it into his small head to run over to the other side of the roof, where there was a broken place in the palings. The children had been cautioned many times not to go near the dangerous corner, and a carpenter had been asked to mend it, but had delayed in coming. When Olivia and Marietta saw that their little brother was making straight for the broken palings, they were so frightened that they lost their presence of mind. Instead of trying to intercept him, they stopped running.

"Edie," Olivia called frantically, "look at Charles!"

The little boy, who was wholly unconscious of danger, was laughing merrily, and running still faster towards the gap in the railing.

That was a terrible moment! Marietta was too young to realize fully the horror of the situation, but poor Olivia knew only too well what would happen if her brother were to reach that corner.

"Can't catch! Can't catch!" he cried gleefully, shaking his yellow curls.

The nurse had flung down her work, and was rushing wildly after the little boy. Olivia turned white.

"Can't catch!" Charles said again, quickening his pace when he saw his nurse coming after him.

He was now almost on the edge of the gulf.

Olivia covered her eyes with her hands. Marietta gazed with a kind of fascination at her little brother. In another instant he would fall to the pavement from that dizzy height, if Edie did not reach him. He was on the very edge of the precipice when she caught hold of his little skirts and pulled him back.

"Don't catch!" he said, shaking his head angrily and struggling to get free.

"Oh, you little dear, I 've caught you sure enough

this time!" and the nurse and Olivia began to cry. Marietta joined in, too, and then Charles wailed from sympathy, although he did not know what the trouble was.

"I shall give that carpenter a piece of my mind," said Edie savagely. I think it probable that she did, for the railing on the Hamiltons' roof was mended that very afternoon.

Later that same summer Marietta was sent into the country to Northampton, to spend two months, for there was a new baby in the family, a small Horatio, so Mrs. Hamilton's hands were very full, and her old friends, Mrs. and Miss Carter, had offered to take charge of Marietta for a time.

Marietta was put under the care of Mrs. Latimer and her grown-up son, who were going to their home in Northampton. As there were no railroads as yet, the long stage ride took nearly two days. Fortunately the Latimers were fond of children, and tried to make the time pass pleasantly to the little girl. She had never heard such fascinating fairy tales as those which Mr. Latimer told. When they came near Northampton, towards the end of the second day, he asked her if she would not like to sit on top of the coach with him, and this pleased her very much. She would have been terrified to find herself so high in the world, if he had not held her with such a firm grasp that there was no danger.

"What kind of a place is Mrs. Carter's house?" she asked her new friend.

"It is a very strange spot," said he. "I will bet you a cent that there will be thimbleberries in her garden."

He had told her so many fairy stories that she was never sure whether he was joking or in earnest.

"What are thimbleberries like?" she asked.

"Like thimbles, of course, only they grow on bushes."

"I don't believe that, sir."

"You just wait until you see them."

"I suppose you mean raspberries or blackberries. They look something like thimbles."

"No, I don't. I mean real, true thimbleberries."

Mr. Latimer began to read his newspaper, and there was silence between them for some minutes.

At last he looked up. "I will bet you a cent," he said, "that there are not only thimbleberries in Mrs. Carter's garden, but that there is a wide triple-arched window in her entry."

He ran "triple-arched" together, making it sound like a very strange word.

"What sort of a window is that, sir?"

"A window with a triple arch."

Mr. Latimer's explanations were most unsatisfac-

tory, and Marietta felt more and more sure that he was joking.

Again he took up his newspaper, and once more there was silence.

"I will bet you a cent," he said presently, "that Mrs. Carter has a brindled cat."

Marietta laughed. "What is a brindled cat?" she inquired. "A fairy, make-believe cat?"

"No, indeed! A genuine cat, with a true brindle."

He became absorbed in his newspaper again. At last he put it down. "Will you take up my bet?" he asked.

"Will I what, sir?"

"I bet you a cent that you will find thimbleberries and a triple-arched window and a brindled cat at Mrs. Carter's. If you choose to take up my bet, if I am wrong I pay you the cent; if you are wrong you pay me a cent. Do you see?"

"But I have n't any cent."

"Do you think it probable that all those things will be at Mrs. Carter's?"

"No-o. I'm pretty sure there are n't such things as thimbleberries and brindled cats."

"Then you do take up my bet?"

She hesitated.

"A cent is very useful," said Mr. Latimer.

"But suppose I should lose? I have n't any cent at all."

"Oh, well, I 'll trust you if you lose. I suppose you are not likely to go through life without a cent?"

"No. I 'll take your bet," she said, after another thoughtful pause.

Her new friends left her at Mrs. Carter's door, and Mr. Latimer thought no more about his extensive bet; but Marietta had hardly been kissed and welcomed by the Carters before she was eager to know the extent of their possessions. As they took her up the narrow stairs to her room she saw, in the entry above her, a window with three arches at the top.

"What sort of a window do you call that, Miss Carter?" she asked as carelessly as she could.

"Bless my soul, child! You are beginning to take an interest in architecture early. I call it a window with three arches."

"Does 'triple' mean three, Miss Carter?"

"Yes, dear. I suppose some people would call it a triple-arched window, but that is rather a long word for such a small girl."

"I am five years old, and I like long words," she

said, asserting herself even in the midst of her increasing trouble. She had a premonition that as there was a triple-arched window at Mrs. Carter's, those other remarkable things would be there, too.

"Do you have any berries in your garden, Miss Carter?" she asked, after the dust had been removed from her face and hands, and she was sitting in the parlor.

"Yes, dear child. If you are not too tired you shall go down into the garden and pick some for tea."

"What kind are they?"

"Thimbleberries, dear heart."

"That is a funny name," she said, striving to keep calm.

"Well, yes, it is," admitted Miss Carter; "they are something like raspberries and something like blackberries, but they have a distinct flavor."

There only remained the brindled cat as a shield between Marietta and the disgrace of owing money that she could not pay. She was afraid every moment that she should see some foreign-looking animal enter the room. She was fond of pussies, but she had never longed so eagerly to see a cat as she now longed to know that she should not see one.

"Do you like cats, ma'am?" she asked, turning

to Miss Carter's mother. It was better to know the worst at once.

"Not very well, my dear. Do you?"

"Yes, — no, — that is"—

At this moment a large, striped cat entered the room, and ran directly up to Marietta, rubbing against her gown and purring loudly.

"My daughter is very fond of cats," Mrs. Carter explained. "This is Rigs. Is he not a fine animal?"

"He has very pretty stripes," Marietta said, in a scarcely audible voice. "Is he a 'special' kind of cat?"

"Yes, some people call him a tiger cat."

Marietta breathed more freely. Then a sudden thought struck her. "Does he ever have another name?" she asked. "Is he ever called a 'brindled cat'?"

"What a wise little girl you are, to be sure! Yes, some people call him a brindled cat."

Marietta was very unhappy. She was a conscientious little girl, and it never for one moment occurred to her not to pay her bet, for had not Mr. Latimer said he would trust her? But how was it possible to get a cent? It was quite probable that she would not have any money all the time she was

in Northampton. She had often heard her mother say that it was disgraceful to owe money, and, if this was a disgrace, what must it be to owe money when you had no prospect of being able to pay it?

She stayed awake a long time wondering what it would be best to do.

During the first week of her visit she could not get free from the feeling of weight and oppression. Miss Carter noticed her sober face.

"You don't seem as gay as I could wish, dear heart," she said one morning. "Are you homesick for your little brothers and sisters?"

"It is n't that."

"Then what is it, my love?"

Marietta's face was covered with blushes, but she thought it would be best to tell her kind friend the whole story.

"I want to earn some money," she burst out.

"You want to earn some money? What does a little girl like you want of money? Don't you have everything your little heart can wish?"

"Oh, yes. It is n't that. It 's a debt, ma'am. I owe some money."

"I hope it is n't a large debt," said Miss Carter, beginning to feel worried. "You ought not to have had anything charged at the shops without telling me."

Marietta looked more and more ashamed. "It is n't that kind of a debt," she explained, miserably. "It 's worse than that. It 's a bet."

"A bet, Marietta?"

"Yes. I know it 's wrong to bet," the little girl hurried on, "especially when you have n't any money; but Mr. Latimer bet that I would find thimbleberries and a triple-arched window and a brindled cat here, and I did n't think there could be such things, and so I said I would bet."

Miss Carter was smiling. "How large a bet was it?" she asked.

"One cent, ma'am."

"And you have been feeling unhappy about it all the week, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I will tell you what I 'll do, Marietta. If you pick the thimbleberries for tea to-night, I will pay you a cent, and you can go directly over to the Latimers' and pay John. I know you won't feel happy until you get your debt off your mind."

A weight had already been removed from the little girl's heart, and she began to stroke the brindled cat with affection. It was the first time that she had thoroughly enjoyed the society of this charming animal.

It was a real pleasure to pick the thimbleberries. Marietta accomplished her task early in the afternoon, in order that she might pay her debt before tea-time, and with the cent in her pocket she pursued her way down the village street. Half way to Mr. Latimer's house she saw him across the road. It was a formidable thing to rush up to him, but she was eager to get this dreadful weight off her mind.

"Mr. Latimer! Oh, Mr. Latimer!" she called out.

"How do you do, my little friend?" he returned.

She ran up to him, and held out the penny in silence.

"Why, what 's that?"

"It 's the cent I owe you."

"The cent you owe me?"

"Yes, they were all there, just as you said."

"Who were all there?"

"The thimbleberries and the triple-arched window and the brindled cat. I lost my bet."

"Oh, I understand now," and he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"I hope you have n't needed it, sir?"

"The cent? Well, I 've got along very well so far without it, but there is no saying what might

have happened in the future. I wish all my debtors were as prompt as you are."

"I am very sorry I bet with you when I had no cent," said Marietta gravely. "I will never bet any more."

"I hope you were pleased to find that Mrs. Carter had such delightful things as thimbleberries and a brindled cat?"

"I shall be glad, sir, now that I've got my debt off my mind."

A MIDSUMMER DAY AND A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

"MARIETTA, I would like you to go over to Mrs. Latimer's and give her my love and invite her to come to tea to-night," Miss Carter said one morning, after the little girl had been staying with her for some weeks.

"Yes, ma'am," said Marietta, feeling very proud and happy to be a large enough girl to go on this errand.

"I hope to goodness Mrs. Latimer won't bring the children," Miss Carter observed in an aside to her mother.

Marietta was sorry that the children were not wanted, for Sybil Latimer, who was five years old, like herself, had become her great friend.

"Don't stay, Marietta, for you must have your arithmetic lesson when you get back," said Miss Carter.

The Carters lived in a small white house that was a few feet back from a narrow side street. A large lilac bush stood on each side of the path that led

from their front door to the gate. As Marietta went down the path, she was sorry that it was too late for the fragrant lilac blossoms. It was a very hot day, and it was a long walk to Mrs. Latimer's, as Marietta counted distance, but at last she came to the large white house that was on the main street. The green front door was ajar, so she did not have to rap with the brass knocker, but walked in. Mrs. Latimer was in the pleasant, large sitting-room that opened out of the right-hand side of the hall. She had her mending-basket by her side, and was darning a white, open-worked stocking.

"How do you do, Marietta?" she said cordially. "I am glad to see you. Sybil is out-of-doors somewhere; you can go and find her."

"I came on an errand," said Marietta, with grave importance. She was a conscientious child, and so she tried to give every word of the message.

"Miss Carter sends her love and wants you to come to tea to-night, ma'am, and she hopes to goodness that you won't bring the children."

Marietta could not understand why Mrs. Latimer gave such a hearty laugh.

"If I am not to bring the children, you and Sybil had better have a good play together now," she suggested.

"Miss Carter told me not to stay, ma'am, because I 've not had my arithmetic lesson."

"Very well; but you must at least have something to eat after your walk. Sybil is just going to have her bread and milk."

Presently Sybil came running into the house, and she and Marietta kissed each other warmly. They went out on the steps of the front porch to take their bread and milk. They each had a blue Canton china bowl and a large silver spoon. Sybil was a beautiful little girl, with curly brown hair and large dark eyes and a small red mouth. She wore a pink gown made with a low neck and short sleeves, and a straw cottage bonnet trimmed with a pink ribbon. The bonnet was so large that it shaded her face from the sun. Marietta's straight brown hair was cut short and parted, but there was a troublesome lock that was always coming down directly in the middle of her forehead. She had honest gray eyes that were unusually wide apart, and that looked at the world with friendly, serious inquiry. She had on a blue calico dress made like Sybil's, and a straw bonnet trimmed with a brown ribbon so it would look well with all her gowns, while her arms were incased in long nankeen mitts. Both children wore white, open-worked stockings

and black shoes. They did not talk a great deal as they took their bread and milk, but were very happy. Presently a fly came and perched on the edge of Marietta's bowl. He was not at all afraid of her, and sipped the milk with much contentment. Marietta thought this seemed very sociable. She was glad the little fly was so friendly. She wanted him to understand thoroughly that he was not in the least in the way, and to make him feel entirely at home, so she said: —

> "Drink away, my little fly;
> You may drink as well as I."

She could not understand why her old friend, John Latimer, who was passing just then, began to laugh. They seemed to be a peculiarly cheerful family.

"Sybil, did you ever see a bogie?" Marietta asked abruptly.

"No; what are they?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Carter's Roxana is always talking about them and telling me I shall see them if I 'm a naughty girl. I 'd almost like to be naughty, for I 'm so curious to know what they are. Oh, Mr. Latimer," she called out with a happy thought, "can you tell me what a bogie is?"

He paused for a moment; then he said: —

"A diminutive bugbear or spectre made preternaturally visible."

The little girls looked at each other blankly.

"I don't understand what bogies are any better than I did before," Marietta confessed.

"No? I'm sorry. If I were not just bound for my office, I would stop and give you all the information you require. Good morning. I hope you like plain bread and milk. Unfortunately we cannot give you thimbleberries."

It was hard to leave Sybil and go back to arithmetic in Miss Carter's parlor; but Marietta hurried home as soon as she had finished her bread and milk.

The arithmetic was a tiny book containing sums like these: —

$$3+1=4.$$
$$3+2=5.$$
$$3+3=6.$$

"Marietta, how much are three plus one?" asked Miss Carter.

"Four, ma'am."

"And three plus two?"

"Five, ma'am."

The little girl answered correctly, until Miss Carter came to three plus six, and then she could not remember what the answer was. The more she

tried to recall it, the more confused she grew. Miss Carter held the book open in her lap, and Marietta stood in front of her. She glanced stealthily at the page, and discovered that she could read the answer, even although it was upside down. "Three plus nine equals six!" There it was, as distinct as paper and ink could make it. She knew that it would be naughty to cheat, by giving an answer that she had not remembered, but she did not want to get a bad mark for her lesson.

"Well, Marietta?"

"Three plus nine equals six," she said boldly.

"Marietta!" cried Miss Carter; "think a minute! Three plus nine are not six!"

"It says so in the book."

And then Miss Carter knew what had happened.

"Come and stand the other way, Marietta, and see what the book says."

Marietta was much mystified, for she found that it said, "Three plus six equals nine." It was perplexing to have sixes change into nines in this confusing way.

"I am surprised, Marietta, that you should try to cheat, for you are generally such an honest child."

The little girl hung her head with shame, and the color rushed into her face. She felt as if she would like to sink through the floor.

"I did n't want to get a bad mark," she murmured.

"It is better to get a bad mark for missing your lesson than to have a black mark on your conscience," Miss Carter said kindly. "I have not forgotten cheating when I was about your age, and it has troubled me all these years. I will not punish you this time, and in future I am sure you will remember that there is a wrong way to get an answer and a right one, and that nothing is the same upside down as it is right side up."

When Marietta's lesson was over, Miss Carter told her that she could go into the garden with Roxana, to help her pick thimbleberries for tea. Roxana was the Carters' one "domestic," as the better class of servants were called in those days. She was not very old, but she wore silver-rimmed spectacles which gave her an old look, for so few young people wore glasses at that time. She had a severe expression, and Marietta never felt quite at home with her, for she appeared to think that children were an evil which must be tolerated, as they could not be suppressed.

Roxana gave Marietta a small tin cup and took a larger one herself, and they went down into the garden behind the house. There were a great many

thimbleberries there; in fact, they were so abundant that a large number went into Marietta's mouth.

"See here, child, you must n't eat so many berries," said Roxana sternly. "The bogies will be after you if you do."

"I don't care," returned Marietta. "I have always wanted to see a bogie, Roxana. Did you ever see one?"

"I was always so good that I did n't have no occasion to see one."

"I must be very good, too, for I have never seen one. Do you know how they look, Roxana?" She put more berries into her mouth as she spoke.

"They are little people."

"What color are they?"

"Black."

"How funny!" And another handful of berries disappeared.

"There, Marietty, you 've dropped a berry on your gown, and made a red stain. The bogies will be after you, sure as fate, and Miss Carter will be very much displeased, too, if you eat so many berries. You had n't ought to do it!"

"I 'll stop if you think Miss Carter won't like it, but I won't stop on account of the bogies."

Marietta's thoughts were busied with the little black people all the afternoon.

At two o'clock Mrs. Latimer arrived, for when ladies took tea with each other in the good old times they came early.

When Roxana was changing Marietta's gown, the little girl asked again about the bogies.

"Roxana," she said, pointing to a corner closet in her room, "don't you think that would make a beautiful house for the little black people? Don't you suppose they would come there to live, if they knew how many shelves there were for rooms?"

"I presume likely, Marietty."

"Are there baby bogies? Or are they all grown up?"

"I guess they 're all the one size, if you can call anything eighteen inches high 'grown up.'"

Everything reminded Marietta of the bogies, even the thimbleberries at tea-time, which were "small and black." The Carters had their evening meal at five o'clock, and Mrs. Latimer went home before eight, for as there were no lights in the streets she did not like to be out after dark.

I think it was probably the thimbleberries that made Marietta see the bogies on that midsummer night, or perhaps it was the large slice of pound cake which she had eaten. At any rate, she had a strange dream. She had not been asleep long,

before the door of the corner closet opened, and out of it filed an interminable train of little people, about a foot and a half high. Each bogie wore a jet black cloak with a hood drawn up closely around the head. On and on they came, gliding noiselessly down the stairs, and out of the front door into the small yard, with the lilac bushes on each side of the path, until the inclosure was completely black with them; on and on they trooped down the stairs, like a silent army. At last Marietta awoke. She ran to the window and looked out to see if they were still there. It was very dark, for there was no moon, and the sky was full of clouds. The lilac bushes looked tall and black, and the night itself was black, save for one bright star that peeped through a rift in the clouds and gazed at Marietta in a friendly way. It was so dark that she could not see whether the bogies were in the front yard, so she hurried back to bed and was soon fast asleep. In the morning, when the sun climbed up above the hill and waked her, she rushed to the window. The sombre shadows had gone, and the blue sky and green lilac bushes made a peaceful picture. There was not one bogie to be seen; like other black things, they did not like the day.

LEONORA

When Marietta was six years old she began to go to school. Her mother went with her the first morning, to show her the way. It was only a short walk, up Somerset Street and into Somerset Court. To reach the house, they had to pass under an archway and go through a courtyard, and then they went up a flight of dark stairs, and Mrs. Hamilton knocked on the schoolroom door. Miss Prince, the schoolmistress, opened it.

"I have brought my little girl, you see," said Marietta's mother. "As I told you the other day, I hope that she will not be troublesome."

Marietta hung her head and blushed, as she always did when she felt a little shy, and the two ladies began to talk about her lessons.

"What has she studied?" asked Miss Prince.

"Reading, writing, and arithmetic."

"I suppose you would like her to begin Latin?"

"Don't you think she is a little young to study Latin?"

"Oh, no. The younger the better."

"Of course I will leave it entirely to you," said Mrs. Hamilton.

Marietta's heart beat faster than usual when her mother finally abandoned her to her fate. She longed to catch hold of her retreating skirts and beg her to stay with her all the morning. At first she felt like crying, for everything was so strange, but she soon became interested in watching the different children. There was one little girl that she singled out from the rest, because she was so charming. The schoolmistress called her "Leonora," and Marietta thought the name had a pleasant and romantic sound. The children sat on high stools around tables, with drawers in them, where they could keep their books and slates. The stools were not quite high enough for Marietta, or she was too small for the stools; at any rate, they did not seem adapted to each other, so Miss Prince put her on the woodbox. She gave her a Latin Grammar and told her to learn the first lesson. It was not very comfortable on the woodbox. At first she tried sitting on the edge of it, and letting her legs dangle over, but at last she leaned back against the wall and put her feet out straight before her, which was much better, although it distressed her to find, when her legs were thus prominently brought into view,

that there was a spot of mud on one of her white stockings. The first lesson in the Latin Grammar was all English and no Latin. It read : —

Nominative, a king.
Genitive, of a king.
Dative, to or for a king.
Accusative, the king.
Vocative, O king!
Ablative, with, from, or by a king.

The words did not convey the slightest glimmering of meaning to Marietta, but she studied them conscientiously. Occasionally she would glance up to see what Leonora and the other children were doing. Leonora was larger than Marietta; she was nearly nine years old, and the little girl was afraid she would not be interested in such a humble person as herself. Once, however, she caught Leonora looking at her and smiling in a charming way which lighted up her whole face. After a time Leonora took her high stool and put it on top of the table, and then she climbed up there and perched herself aloft, very gravely, and began to study her Latin Grammar.

"You don't mind my sitting here, do you, Miss Prince?" she asked. "I can study so much better."

"No, indeed! I don't care what you girls do, if you only get your lessons."

After a time more children followed Leonora's example, until there were several perched on stools, high above the crowd and very happy. When they came to recite their lessons they had them perfectly; indeed, Miss Prince, although sometimes lax in discipline, was an excellent teacher.

When recess came Marietta was too shy to get down from the woodbox. She still sat there, with her feet straight out before her. She was no longer unhappy, but she preferred to watch the happiness of others from a distance. To her great surprise she saw Leonora coming towards her with two large buns in her hands. She was a most graceful and winning little person, as light as a fairy and as free from care.

"Will you have a bun?" she asked.

"Thank you," Marietta replied gratefully.

"I never could see why buns should have only one raisin in them," Leonora added, as she began to munch hers. "When I grow up I'm going to start a bun-place where they shall make buns just crammed with raisins."

This was such a surprisingly delightful scheme that Marietta smiled broadly, from sympathy. Then, all at once, she remembered her muddy stocking,

and she tried to draw her dress down over the spot so it would not show.

"Never mind," said Leonora carelessly. "White stockings have to get muddy sometimes. When I grow up I 'm going to put all my children into black ones."

This was an excellent plan, also, and Marietta smiled again. Such was the beginning of a delightful friendship. The little girls saw a great deal of each other out of school, too, for their mothers were acquaintances and were glad to have their daughters intimate.

As soon as the spring came Leonora and Marietta spent their half-holidays playing in the Common, a very charming spot. It was cool there, even in hot weather, for the water came up almost to the western boundary, so the sea breezes reached them in their full strength, while the great trees made it seem like the country. They used to go to the Beacon Street mall, as the rest of the Common was a less convenient playground on account of the cows that were pastured there. The two children always went there without any grown person, as it was so quiet and peaceful that they could not meet with any harm. When they were once inside the wooden fence they felt shut off from the bustling, outside

world. There was an elm-tree on the mall, that had a great many roots which came up above the ground and straggled downhill, like the fingers of a hand when they are spread apart. They had the most enchanting rooms for their dolls between the roots, and one day they conceived the brilliant idea of carrying down furniture too. It was Leonora's scheme. Indeed, all the interesting plans originated with her. She was so much older than Marietta that she made a most stimulating companion. Leonora took down a little wooden chair with a red cushion for her doll, Marietta, and Marietta took down a little chair with a blue cushion, for her doll, Leonora. They were such devoted friends that they had named their children for each other. They put the chairs in one of the tree-rooms and seated their daughters in them, for although the dolls in those days were made of wood, they were jointed so that they could sit down and move their arms. The face of Leonora's namesake was carved and painted, and at the back of her head was a high, wooden comb, while in her ears were little brass earrings that were very fascinating. She had on a gown that was made out of the blue calico that Marietta had worn in Northampton and outgrown. Marietta's namesake also had a wooden comb and brass ear-

rings, and she was dressed in a white muslin, sprigged with pink. It was hard work carrying down both dolls and furniture, so when it was time to go home Leonora proposed that they should leave the chairs there overnight. They found a place where they could push them so far under the tree-roots that they hardly showed.

"No other children can find these things," said Leonora. "They will be perfectly safe."

"Of course they would not take them away, even if they found them," said Marietta, "for they are not theirs."

The little girls went home along Beacon Street, and in front of the Hancock house Marietta stopped to pick some blue chicory for her mother.

It was vacation, and therefore the next morning Marietta and Leonora hurried to the mall as soon as possible; but alas! when they reached the tree-house they found that the sweet red chair and the dear blue one had vanished.

They were very much surprised and grieved.

"I would not have supposed that any little children could have been so wicked," Marietta remarked sadly. "Perhaps they will bring them back. Perhaps they took them home because they thought it was n't a safe place here," she added hopefully.

"They were right. It is not a safe place, but I don't think it will happen again," said Leonora. Nevertheless, they thought it wiser to take everything home for a few nights.

It is a hard thing to have to carry your children and your household goods as well, and so one afternoon they decided to risk leaving some of their furniture there again. This time Leonora had taken down a little table and a box of tiny wooden cups and saucers, and Marietta had carried down a second blue chair.

"We will hide them as completely as if they were the 'Babes in the Woods,'" said Leonora.

They pushed them far in under the roots, and strewed some grass over them so that they were entirely hidden from view.

"I am sure they are safe this time," Leonora said. "No one can find them."

In the morning, however, when they arrived at their tree-house every teacup and saucer and the little blue chair and the dear table had departed.

After that they thought it best to carry their furniture home every night.

"Who would think," said Leonora, "that this peaceful Common was n't a safe place!"

A LITTLE DINNER

THE next winter, when Marietta was almost seven years old, something very delightful occurred. Sybil Latimer and her mother came to Boston to make a visit. They stayed with Mrs. Rivers, who called on the Hamiltons one afternoon, and invited Mrs. Hamilton and Marietta to dine with her the next day. Marietta was very happy at the prospect.

The next morning she went to the nursery window every few minutes to look at the clock on Park Street Church steeple to see what time it was.

"Mother," she said, when the hands reached eleven, "don't you think we ought to begin to get ready? Mrs. Rivers asked us to come early."

"As they don't dine until two o'clock, there is no hurry."

Marietta could not understand how her mother could be so calm, and go about her morning tasks as if she had the whole day before her.

"Mother," she ventured to say at quarter before twelve, "we shall be late, I know."

"You can ask Edie to change your dress, if you are so impatient."

It was all very exciting, even the putting on her best gown, a dark red cashmere, and her new pantalettes, which were ruffled and came down to her feet. She wore a white apron with shoulder-straps over her red cashmere to keep it clean. When she was all equipped she ran to her mother again.

"It is time to go, I am sure," she said.

"Not for an hour, Marietta. At one o'clock you can ask Edie to put on your outside things."

Marietta took Jane Taylor's "Original Poems" down from the bookshelf and tried to distract her mind by looking at the pictures of the old-fashioned ladies and quaint children, in their coal-scuttle bonnets and long, clinging skirts, but she was too preoccupied to take much interest even in the woes of young Jem and his unlucky shoulder of mutton, or the sorrows of her favorite "Meddlesome Matty."

At last the weary morning wore away, and Marietta, in her best brown pelisse and brown quilted hood, started with her mother to walk across the Common, the happiest little girl in the old town of Boston, unless, indeed, Sybil were as happy.

It was a crisp winter day and the snow was two feet deep on the Common, while the branches of the trees were outlined in white against the blue sky.

"How cold it looks in the tree-house," said Marietta, as she and her mother went along the mall. "We must hurry," she added, as she glanced up at the clock.

The house where Mrs. Rivers lived was in the handsome new brick block in Colonnade Row, on Tremont Street, opposite the Common.

As Mrs. Hamilton rang the doorbell Marietta had the exhilarating sense that something delightful was to follow. The door was opened by a man-servant, and then Sybil came running out into the hall.

"You are late," she said. "I've been expecting you ever so long."

Marietta gave her mother a glance that said, "What did I tell you?" and then the two children went upstairs, where they played until dinner was ready.

Sybil was as beautiful as ever, but she seemed to have grown smaller in the last year and a half, for Marietta was much taller than she, and they used to be the same size.

"How you have grown!" said Sybil in awestruck tones.

Marietta felt very much pleased, for she was the smallest girl at home.

When they came down into the dining-room Mari-

etta was speechless with admiration, for there were two tables, a large one for the grown people, and a small one for Sybil and herself, and on it were fascinating little soup-plates and spoons, and a tiny soup-tureen and soup-ladle.

"Oh, Sybil!" exclaimed Marietta. "Just think how happy Mrs. Rivers must be with all these lovely little things."

It took Sybil a long time to help to the soup, for a mustard spoon is rather a small ladle; but this made the pleasure last all the longer.

"I hope you like mock-turtle soup, Miss Hamilton," said Sybil, pretending that this was a fashionable dinner and that they were grown-up ladies.

"Indeed, Miss Latimer, it is my favorite kind," Marietta replied gravely.

When the next course came, a huge turkey was placed on the large table, and mashed potato, squash, and cranberry in large vegetable dishes; and a baby turkey was put on the children's table, with mashed potato, squash, and cranberry in very little dishes.

Sybil was anxious to help to the turkey herself, but the maid preferred to carve.

"I will give you each a leg and a wing and a little of the breast," she stated, as she proceeded to divide it.

"How lucky it is that turkeys have two legs and two wings so there is one for each of us," said Sybil.

"I hope you will find your turkey tender, young ladies," the maid remarked, as she left them.

"I did not know there could be such little turkeys," said Marietta. "Of course I knew they had to start small," she added with a smile, "but I did n't know people ever cooked such little ones."

After they had eaten their turkey and vegetables with their little spoons and forks, the next course was brought in, consisting of pies. The grown people had a large mince pie and pumpkin pie and cranberry tart, and the children had the dearest little mince pie and pumpkin pie and cranberry tart. The cranberry tart had strips of pastry put across it like lattice-work.

Sybil could help to the pies herself, although she made a pink stain on the snowy tablecloth when she cut the cranberry tart.

"Will you have mince pie, pumpkin pie, or cranberry tart, Miss Hamilton?" she inquired.

"All three, please, Miss Latimer."

"I'm going to have all three, too. I think I'll cut them in halves. Do you feel equal to half of three pies, Miss Hamilton?"

"Yes, for the winter air has given me a sharp appetite."

To wind up with there were nuts and raisins for the grown people in large fruit-dishes, and nuts and raisins for the children in charming little fruit-dishes.

After dinner Marietta and Sybil had a delightful time playing together upstairs, while the older people sat in the parlor and talked.

It had begun to grow dark when Mrs. Hamilton and her little girl started to go home.

"Oh, mother," said Marietta, as they were walking across the Common, "did you ever have such a beautiful time before? I suppose you could n't enjoy it quite as much as I did, for you had all those big dishes, just like anybody else. When I grow up I 'm going to have a whole flock of little turkeys so my children can have a small turkey to eat once a week."

"That was n't a turkey, Marietta; it was a pigeon."

"The domestic told us it was a turkey! I thought it had an un-turkey-like taste, but I supposed it was because it was so young."

"Mrs. Rivers was very kind to give you children so much pleasure," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. Mother, I can't tell you how I felt when I went into the dining-room and saw that *little* table with the *little* soup-tureen on it! I hope Catherine and Olivia can have such a happy day sometime."

SAILING TO NANTASKET

THE happiest time in Marietta's happy summer, the year that she was seven years old, was the day she took a sea voyage. It seemed like her ocean voyage in miniature, for the boat was only a little one, with small white sails, and the voyage, instead of lasting a whole month, was but a few hours long; everything was on a smaller scale, in fact, except the children, who were much larger, and there were two more than there had been on the ship Topaz.

"Wife, it is such a pleasant day that I think we had better take a sail to Nantasket Beach," Mr. Hamilton had said at breakfast-time.

"Marietta, if you like, you can ask Leonora to go with us," Mrs. Hamilton had added.

The presence of Leonora was all that was needed to complete the little girl's bliss.

Every step of the way was full of excitement. The first joy was stopping at Miss Peverelly's shop, on Washington Street, to buy buns with one raisin, and round, red gumdrops and sticks of barley candy that made the children's eyes shine with anticipation.

Mrs. Hamilton also indulged in nine small cakes made out of the cocoanut, which was very extravagant of her, because they were so expensive, being something entirely new. Then came the approach to the old wharves, built out over the water and supported by piles that looked delightfully green and slimy, where the tide had gone down. The forest of masts against the sky, and the presence of foreign-looking sailors, wearing earrings and bright-colored neckhandkerchiefs, suggested long voyages to strange countries, for in those days great vessels sailed away from India Wharf to distant lands; but best of all was the delicious smell of salt and seaweed. At last they came to Lewis Wharf, where the small boats were kept, and presently they were all scrambling into the most attractive of them. Marietta and Leonora sat together, with their dolls, Leonora and Marietta, beside them. The two dolls sat bolt upright and had what might be termed "a wooden expression." Nothing seemed to move them, but perhaps this was because their feelings were too deep for utterance. The two little girls, on the other hand, were always exclaiming over something. Leonora could not keep quiet a minute; she was first on one side of the boat and then on the other. Marietta sat very still, putting one hand over the edge of the

boat and trailing it along, perfectly happy to feel the water slipping through her fingers.

"Look here, Leonora," said Mr. Hamilton at last, "suppose you try sitting still for a while. Put your hand in the water as Marietta is doing. Perhaps you will catch a cod if you are very quiet."

The children laughed, for they knew a cod could not be caught in this light and easy fashion.

"I wish we could catch a codfish," said Marietta.

She had hardly finished speaking before her hand closed over something that felt like a rope.

"I have got something!" she cried in excitement. "Father, I have got something! Please help me pull it in. What can it be? It is slippery and slimy."

"What are you talking about, child?" asked her father.

Marietta pulled and pulled, and Leonora helped her pull.

"It is very beautiful," said Marietta. "What is it, father?"

"It" was about a yard long and much narrower, and dark brown, with a charming fluted ruffle and a string or belt.

"That is a devil's apron," said Mr. Hamilton.

"A what, father?"

"A kind of seaweed called the devil's apron."

This was enough for Marietta, for she was not an imaginative child; indeed, she did not need to be, for the world was so wonderful without "pretending" anything, and she thought the seaweed an entrancing possession.

"How sweet of it to come along just now," she said.

Leonora was much thrilled by the circumstance, and immediately began to tell Marietta a tale about a happy family of sea-devils, who lived at the bottom of the ocean.

"They are not real devils," she explained, "any more than sea-urchins are real urchins. It is merely their family name. This is the apron that belonged to the older sister. Her mother told her to put it on over her pale green gown to keep it clean. The little devils all wear sea-green gowns, you know, although their aprons are brown. Miranda — that is the name of the big sister devil — said she would not wear the brown apron, because she was getting to be such a large girl, and so she threw it away, and that is how you happened to find it. Mrs. Devil is punishing Miranda now."

Marietta thought the family of devils sounded very interesting, and she asked Leonora many questions concerning their habits. Leonora seemed to

have an intimate acquaintance with the entire family. Indeed, one of the most delightful things about this fascinating little girl was her varied knowledge.

"I'd like to get into that water, father," said Charles, when the boat was half way across the bay.

"You can wade in as soon as we reach Nantasket Beach," said his mother.

"But I want to get into it now."

"So you shall, my boy," said his father. "If your mother will undress you I will put you over the edge of the boat and give you a fine bath."

"Mr. Hamilton!" exclaimed his wife. "Suppose you should lose your hold of him?"

"There is no fear of that. Wife, undress him, please."

She still demurred. "He can have such a good bath as soon as we get to Nantasket," she reiterated.

If Mr. Hamilton wanted a thing, however, he wanted it at once; and now he felt that nothing in life could be so delightful as to see his little boy splash about in the water.

"I want to give him a bath now," he said.

"You are as impatient as Charles," Mrs. Hamilton remarked, but she dutifully undressed her son.

Mr. Hamilton tied his large, red-flowered handkerchief around the child, and then put him over

into the sea, holding the handkerchief firmly. Charles was not at all afraid. He began to laugh with delight. His father dipped him up and down in the water, and sometimes put him so far under that only his head appeared. He splashed and kicked and thought it splendid fun. Suddenly his arms went up over his head, and Marietta perceived with horror that he was slipping through the handkerchief. Mrs. Hamilton saw it too, and gave a little cry. Catherine and Olivia turned pale, and even the talkative Leonora was awed into silence. The little Horatio alone laughed on in happy unconsciousness of danger. Wallace fortunately did not lose his presence of mind. He came to his father's assistance as one gentleman might help another. Marietta began to cry. She was sure Charles would never come back any more. Her dear, darling little brother, her especial delight, was disappearing under the cruel water. Why had they ever come on this dangerous voyage?

Suddenly, with a skillful turn of his powerful hand, Mr. Hamilton succeeded in seizing the little boy, and with Wallace's help he got him back into the boat. Charles met this adventure with characteristic courage. He said coolly, "That was a nice bath, father, but it was too short. Do it some more."

He could talk plainly now, although he was only three and a half.

"I don't think we'll do it any more to-day," said his mother, with tears in her eyes.

Such a pleasant time as they had after they landed at Nantasket Beach! Leonora started off like a little wild creature, and began running across the smooth sand as if she had wings. Do what she might, Marietta could never keep up with Leonora; she was a long way in the rear, panting and hastening on as fast as she could, a sturdy little figure with a serious face, looking as if her one business in life were to overtake fleet-footed Leonora, who always seemed to be dancing or singing as she went through the world.

There are many things that can be done on a beach, and the Hamiltons, and their friend Leonora, tried them every one. Perhaps the pleasantest of all is wading in the water, but it is nearly as exciting to dig wells and watch the advancing tide flood them, while a more permanent joy is to be found in collecting five-fingers, sea-urchins, and shells. They had the beach all to themselves, for there was not a house in sight, and no one else was picnicking there on that August day. There was something very pleasant in the sense of remoteness from all the world, as they watched the green breakers curl over

and become tipped with white spray as they broke on the yellow sand. When it was time for dinner the children picked up driftwood, and Mr. Hamilton took out his tinder-box and struck the flint and steel together, making a light with which he set fire to the wood. In this way they were able to have baked potatoes for dinner. There were sandwiches and pound-cake too, besides the gumdrops and barley candy, and Mrs. Hamilton gave each child a cocoanut cake. Mr. Hamilton opened his huge, bright green silk umbrella, the latest thing in umbrellas, and gave it to his wife to hold over her head, for the day was very hot, while the children crept into its shade, as if it had been a tent.

When the hour for going home at last arrived, Mrs. Hamilton gathered together all her little people, and they collected their possessions, and filled the now empty lunch-basket with five-fingers, shells, and sea-urchins, tied up in Olivia's handkerchief. They had an uneventful voyage home, except for one incident that happened soon after they left Nantasket. Olivia and Leonora begged to be allowed to get up on the higher part of the boat that formed a kind of deck. Here they were very happy, and there was not wind enough to make it dangerous for them, but the green silk umbrella that was lying beside

them was not so fortunate, for Olivia made some quick movement that sent it flying into the water.

"Jew Peter! Olivia! See what you have done!" exclaimed Wallace. "I'm glad it was n't I!"

Olivia and Leonora looked mournfully into the water, and all the children came to the edge of the boat and gazed down into its clear depths. There, on the bottom of the sand, far, far below them, was the green silk umbrella, placidly and peacefully resting after the labors of the day.

"How aggravating to see it and not to be able to get it," said Wallace.

"It is particularly aggravating when it happens to be your own new umbrella," added his father.

"It is all the fault of the sea-devils," said Leonora. "They are very spiteful, and when we took Miranda's apron, they never rested until they got something of ours in exchange. They wanted Charles, but when they could n't have him, they decided to take the umbrella instead. It is green, their favorite color."

"It is a comfort to me to know this," said Mr. Hamilton, "for I would rather lose two umbrellas than one of my children."

A LOST BOY

When there are seven children in a family it is hard to keep track of them all. There were now seven little Hamiltons, and the four legs of a table were not enough to tie the family to; and besides, a table was not useful on the sort of journey they were about to take.

"Yes, it is true," Marietta said to Leonora one autumn morning, two months after the day they spent together at Nantasket Beach, "we are going to live in the country."

"I don't know what I shall do without you," said Leonora mournfully.

"You will have to come and make us a visit next summer, Leonora," Mrs. Hamilton said cheerfully.

"Next summer is a long way off," Marietta remarked. "I shall be very old then, eight, and Leonora will be ten and a half."

"I imagine you will enjoy playing together, even at that advanced age," Mrs. Hamilton returned.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but it is a great while to wait."

As soon as Marietta had started on the journey

she thought very little about poor, disconsolate Leonora, for it was so exciting to travel. It took two days to reach Springfield, the pretty village where they were going to live. The Hamiltons were such a large family that they filled a whole stage-coach, so Mr. Hamilton engaged an "extra."

The coach drove up to the door of their Beacon Street house one Thursday morning. The driver sat high on top, with a great whip in his hand with which he kept the four prancing white horses in order. He blew a horn to show that he had arrived, and the heads of a number of children appeared at the windows of various Beacon Street houses. Indeed it was an interesting sight to see the Hamiltons pile into the stage. Mrs. Hamilton and Edie, the nurse, sat on the back seat with Joe, the baby, while Olivia and Marietta, with Horatio between them, took their places on the middle seat, and Catherine and Charles were in front with their backs to the horses. Mr. Hamilton and Wallace climbed up on top to occupy the coveted seats by the driver, and the other children had the promise of taking turns in sitting there.

"You children must be very careful to stay close by Edie and me, whenever we stop for meals," said Mrs. Hamilton. "It would be very unfortunate if one of you were to get lost."

Marietta sat with her face pressed close to the window, taking a last look at all the places where she had been so happy. She watched eagerly for the tree where her children had had such a delightful home. Yes, there it was! She held her doll, Leonora, up at the window that she might take a farewell of the tree-house. There were Braman's baths, too! How she wished she could take one more dip in the river. Presently they came to the toll-gate, and for the last time they underwent the interesting ceremony of paying toll; and then they drove along the Milldam, and Marietta said good-by to the trees that were blown out of their natural bent by the east wind. After that they were in a region that was new to her. They had no especially exciting adventures that day, or at night, when they stopped at Worcester, or during the following morning. It was the afternoon of the second day that a little boy was lost. They had their dinner at a pleasant old-fashioned tavern, and were so far on their journey that they could afford to stay there for an hour or two afterwards, that Mrs. Hamilton and the younger children might get thoroughly rested, while Mr. Hamilton and the older ones took a long walk. When it was time to proceed on their journey, the driver came up to the door, flourishing

his whip over the heads of the four white horses and blowing his horn loudly. The Hamiltons scrambled into the coach, and the horses were about to start, when Mrs. Hamilton asked her customary question, —

"Are we all here?"

"I'm here," said Marietta, from her corner.

"I'm here," said Horatio.

"Yes, and here are Olivia and Wallace and Joe, and Catherine is on top. But where is Charles? Mr. Hamilton," she called to her husband, "is Charles on top of the coach with you?"

"Bless my soul, no. Isn't he inside with you? I thought I saw him get in with you."

"No, I haven't seen him since dinner. Didn't he go to walk with you?"

"No," shouted Mr. Hamilton.

He jumped down from the coach, and putting his head in at the tavern door called out: —

"Has any one seen my little boy? I have lost one of my little boys."

The landlady was sitting in the front room, placidly pegging a mitten. She was a pleasant, grandmotherly person, with a close white cap on her head and a false front of brown hair. She wore a brown woolen dress, and a white neckhandkerchief crossed in front.

She rose in her excitement and flung her work down on the table. "I thought all the little boys got into the coach," she said. "I saw two get in besides the baby. Is n't that all?"

"No, there is another. I have four boys."

"Father," the landlady called to an old man who was smoking a pipe, "a little boy is lost. You must come and help us find him."

"Du tell! I should think he would have heerd the horn ef he 'd been anywheres round here."

"You 'd better blow the horn again," Mr. Hamilton said to the driver.

The man blew three long, loud blasts, but no Charles appeared.

"I should think that was loud enough to wake folks at the judgment day," observed the landlord.

"I 'm afraid he must be hiding, just for fun," said the landlady. "Is he that kind, sir?"

"He 's as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. That 's the kind he is," replied his father.

"Would he be apt to explore the house, sir? Is he venturesome?"

"He is afraid of nothing. He is always having adventures. He 's as likely as not to have gone up into your attic. If it is possible to get out on the roof, he is there. The steeper it is, the better he will like it."

The landlady disappeared. She had made up her mind to search the inn from top to bottom. The landlord followed Mr. Hamilton out to the barn.

"It may be that he has gone to sleep in the hay, sir," he suggested.

"That is very probable. I dare say he has hidden in the hay."

Mr. Hamilton had borrowed the driver's horn, and he blew a loud blast as he approached the barn. The doors were wide open at both ends, and he could see the lofts filled with fragrant hay, and a charming view beyond of river and green meadows, but Charles was no part of this picture. A few hens were wandering about the yard, and they began to cluck when they heard the horn, and a dog barked loudly, but no little boy chimed in with his small voice.

"Perhaps he is out at the pigpen," said the landlord, and so they went to visit that enticing spot.

Meanwhile Marietta was feeling very unhappy. Charles was her especial playfellow, and she had a sudden, desolate picture of the dreariness of life without him. Suppose he should never be found? She had read stories of children who disappeared and did not come back any more. He had had such thrilling escapes already, that it was not probable he

would always be so lucky. Where could a little boy be who was not in the house, or the barn, or the pigpen? He must have wandered away, and he was such a charming little boy that she was sure some farmer in the neighborhood had decided to keep him. If they drove away without him, how could he ever be found? Who would be willing to send Charles Hamilton, Junior, to Springfield? As these sad reflections crowded upon the little girl, the tears came into her eyes.

"Don't be a cry-baby, Marietta," said Wallace. "You ought to be glad that I 'm not lost," he added jocosely.

"I 'd rather it would be you, for you are big and can take care of yourself, and he is so little."

"I am sure that I can find him," said Mrs. Hamilton, getting out of the coach as she spoke.

Marietta felt more desolate than ever when her mother left her. She was afraid the horses would start, and that both her parents would be left behind as well as Charles.

Presently she heard her father's comforting laugh.

"Have you found him?" cried Marietta.

"Yes, he 's here, safe and sound — sound asleep, I should say. To think of all that tooting not waking him! Come here, Catherine," he said to his wife."

There was an empty stage standing in the inn yard, and as Mr. Hamilton spoke he lifted the leather apron that was in the trunk-rack, and there, instead of trunks and boxes, was a small boy with a chubby face and curly brown hair, lying fast asleep.

"Charles, you little rascal," said his mother, after she had succeeded in waking him, "you have given us all a great fright."

"I've had a nice nap," Charles replied cheerily; "this trunk-rack is just as comfortable as a bed, and this leather thing kept the sun out of my eyes."

"You managed to keep the son out of our eyes most effectually, young man," said his father.

A WISE MOTHER

"THERE is Springfield," Mr. Hamilton said, as they reached the brow of a hill. At their feet lay the village, a cluster of white houses and three slender spires, nestling in a heavy growth of trees, while the Connecticut River looked like a silver thread as it wound through the rich green valley, and in the background the outlines of the hills and distant mountains were vague and hazy in the sunset light.

"It is beautiful," said Marietta, with shining eyes.

"Let 's guess which our house is to be," suggested Charles.

As Mr. Hamilton had trusted to a friend to engage one for him, he was quite as much in the dark as the others.

As they rattled down the hill, the driver whipped up his horses and blew a long blast on his horn. Every one in the village street seemed much interested in the Hamiltons.

"I would be satisfied with that little house," said Marietta, pointing to a pretty cottage.

"Nothing would suit me but that large white

one," said Catherine, whose ideas were always on a grand scale. As she spoke she glanced towards a house with a two-storied piazza across the front and a low wing on each side. It stood in the middle of a large lawn. Olivia and Wallace were on top of the coach, so they could not join in the conversation. The stage finally drew up before Cooley's hotel, and as soon as they had their supper, all the children were ready to tumble into their beds, while even Mr. Hamilton thought he would postpone a visit to his new house until the next day.

Early in the morning he and his daughter Catherine went to take a survey of it. There is always one important person in every family, and Catherine was the influential member of the Hamilton household. It was not entirely because she was the oldest daughter. She was now a very handsome girl of fourteen, and had a way of holding her head that made it almost impossible not to give her what she wanted. Olivia and Marietta might scold and no one paid any attention to them, but when Catherine threw back her head in her queenly way, and said, "I like it," or "I do not like it," everybody was eager to gratify her. When Catherine and her father came back from the new house, she said, "I don't like it."

"What is the matter with it?" inquired her mother.

"It is just about large enough for Marietta's baby-house."

"Yes," added her father, "there is n't a room in it large enough to swing a cat."

"What are we to do?" asked Mrs. Hamilton.

"Get another, of course. Catherine and I have decided to take that large white house with the wings."

"Is n't some one living in it now?"

"Yes, but I hear he 's thinking of going South, and I hope to be able to make him realize what the charms of a warmer climate are."

And so the large white house was taken. Life was very simple for Mr. Hamilton, for he always knew what he wanted, and to want a thing very much is a long step towards getting it.

There never was quite such a charming house as the large white one, — the angel house, as Wallace named it, because of its wings. There was room enough there to swing many families of cats, for there were not only two parlors and a nursery and dining-room on the lower story, but two kitchens also, and there were many bedrooms upstairs, and over all a large attic. Indeed, no more entrancing

abode could have been found for seven little Hamiltons. And yet, even before they were quite settled, something occurred of a distressing nature. It happened while the furniture was being moved in, and when Mrs. Hamilton and Catherine had gone down town to do some errands. A great many chairs were piled together in the back parlor, and Olivia and Marietta thought that it would be a fine chance to play the game of stage-coach. Wallace and the two little boys joined them. I don't know why Charles thought it would be more amusing to sit in his chair hind-side before, but it struck him that it would be an interesting thing to do, and accordingly he slipped his legs through the space between the chair seat and the horizontal bar that went across the back just above it. When Olivia called "stage-coach" and all the children hurried to change places, Charles started to slip out of the back of the chair. He found it a very simple matter until he tried to get his head through between the bar and the seat, but then he discovered that the space was small and his head was large.

"I 've got stuck," he called out cheerfully. "My head seems to be an uncommonly large size."

"If it gets broken, like Marietta's dolls' heads, I

advise you to have a smaller-sized one next time, old man," said Wallace.

Wallace had made jokes ever since he could talk, and he was always sure that Marietta would laugh at them. She laughed now, although she was beginning to feel worried.

"Don't you think you could scrunch up your head a little and slip it through?" she asked.

Charles tried to "scrunch" up his head, but the only result was that he grew very red in the face.

"If it was n't for my nose I think I could get along all right," he said. "My nose seems to be a large size too."

"I can get you out," said Olivia, and she pulled and tugged, but with all her efforts she could not get his head through. Wallace came next, and he pulled away for a long time, and then Marietta tried. Tears by this time had got the better of her laughter, and she began to cry.

She suddenly remembered the story of the old woman in the fairy tale who wanted the black pudding to land on her husband's nose, and who had to use up the last of her three wishes in asking to have it taken off again. In this case it was not enough to wish poor Charles out of the chair. A terrible picture came into her mind of a little boy

fastened to a mahogany chair for life. Was it for this that he had been saved when he was about to be dashed to pieces on the pavement? Was it to meet with such a fate that he had been rescued from drowning? and found when he was lost?

"I can move around all right," said Charles, bracing himself against the chair and making it go across the parlor floor.

"I will try once more," said Olivia. "Wallace and I will pull together."

"Oh, dear, how you hurt!" cried poor Charles. His courage had at last given out, and he sobbed aloud.

Marietta rushed up to him, like the little mother she was, and threw her arms around him, mingling her tears with his. Olivia began to cry too, and even Wallace had a lump in his throat.

All that Marietta could think of was a snail, fastened to his house, and carrying it with him wherever he went, but the snail's house was useful to him, and what could Charles do with a chair he could not even sit in?

"I wish we had never come to live in the angel-house," she wailed.

"I wish Charles had been contented to sit in chairs like other people," said Olivia through her tears.

"I will get an axe and chop the chair, and then he can get out," Wallace exclaimed with a happy inspiration, and he rushed off to the cellar.

"It is one of mother's best mahogany chairs," said Olivia.

"She would rather lose all her chairs than to have her little boy so unfor-for-fortunate," sobbed Marietta.

At this moment they heard the cheerful sounds of their mother's voice.

"Well, I hope you children have had a pleasant morning," she said. "Catherine and I — Why, what 's the matter! Why are my little girls crying?"

Marietta pointed to Charles and the chair with a tragic gesture. She was speechless.

"He can't get his head through," explained Olivia. "We 've all tried and tried to pull it through, but it is n't of any use, and now Wallace has gone to get an axe and chop him out."

"Chop him out!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton. "I suppose he can get out the way he got in."

As she spoke she took hold of Charles's head, and instead of trying to push it between the seat of the chair and the bar, she pulled it the other way, and in a moment more Charles's arms and legs had comfortably slipped between the chair-seat and the

MARIETTA

hateful bar, and he stood on the parlor floor, a free boy.

"We never thought of that," said the children. They were all three laughing now. "How foolish we were! We never thought of that."

"It is nice to have a wise mother," said Marietta.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FAST DAY

"FAST DAY will soon be here," said Mrs. Hamilton one day the following spring, "and we must hurry with our new gowns. I am thinking of getting Marietta a pin-head-checked silk. Would you advise it, Catherine?"

"I am sure it would be a good plan," responded the chief ruler. "I saw a pretty pink-and-green one down town yesterday."

The next morning Mrs. Hamilton brought home a beautiful, shimmering thing that dazzled Marietta by its magnificence. It was a changeable pink-and-green silk, merging from one color into the other like the plumage of a pigeon. And on this groundwork were small black checks.

"It is too grand for me, mother," said Marietta, as she gazed with admiring eyes on the lovely fabric.

"Not at all," Catherine replied. "It is very pretty and suitable. You are eight years old, and large of your age."

The next day Miss Kimball, the dressmaker, came

to make the gown. It had leg-of-mutton sleeves, and the skirt was plain and full, but without gores. There was a little more than silk enough for Marietta's gown, and as she stood trying on her dress with her favorite doll, Leonora, by her side, she had a sudden thought, and taking up the remnant she folded it around her child, shawl-fashion, to see if it would become her. She thought it even more becoming to Leonora than to herself.

"My dear, there is enough left for a gown for your doll," the dressmaker observed.

Marietta's eyes shone. She felt that if her child, Leonora, could have a little gown like her large one, there would be nothing left to wish for in life.

"There is enough to make a new pair of sleeves in case Marietta needs them," said her practical mother.

The little girl's heart sank. It is hard to be at the door of Paradise and not to be able to enter in. She held up the doll in her arms, mutely. She hoped her mother would see how very becoming the silk was. And she did! She could not resist those pleading eyes.

"If Miss Kimball gets your dress done in time, Marietta, she can make one for your doll," she said.

The little dress was very beautiful, so precisely

like the large one, with its leg-of-mutton sleeves and plain, full skirt, and when Marietta and her doll tried on their new gowns to see how they fitted, there was no happier child in the length and breadth of the land.

"Any one would know that she was my daughter now, mother, when we take our walks together," she said.

"Yes, there is a strong family likeness between your clothes."

On Fast Day the Hamilton children all got up very early in the morning so as to have as long a day as possible, for although Fast Day was not so exciting as Christmas or Thanksgiving, still it was a holiday. The first thing to be gone through with was the daily dose of sulphur and molasses that was supposed to tone up the system in the spring of the year. Edie administered this treat in the back kitchen, a picturesque spot, where there was a huge open fireplace with an iron crane. The six older children stood in a row, going down like a flight of steps to a very small boy at the end, and opened their mouths like a nestful of young birds, while Edie gave them each a spoonful of the horrible compound.

"We are going to have biscuit for breakfast,"

Marietta remarked with much satisfaction, for their morning meal usually consisted of bread and milk.

The cook was baking the biscuit in an iron kettle on legs, which she set in the fireplace on a bed of coals and ashes. She then put on a cover with a rim around it two inches high, and in this cover she placed more coals, that the biscuit might get thoroughly baked on top.

"Ugh! How I do hate West India molasses, not to speak of sulphur," Olivia said, making up a wry face as she swallowed the much-detested dose.

The biscuit at breakfast-time with butter on them speedily took away the remembrance of the spring tonic, for butter was a rare treat which they were allowed only three times a week.

After breakfast the family went to get ready for church. Fast Day seemed like a rare and delightful kind of Sunday, for instead of going to "meeting" twice and to Sunday-school in addition, the children only went to church once, and could play all the rest of the day.

No matter how cold or bleak the weather might be, all well-brought-up persons put on their spring gowns and bonnets for the first time on Fast Day. Marietta wore her changeable silk and an openworked straw bonnet that shaded her face from the sun. It

was trimmed with green ribbon that was brought around the crown and crossed in front, with strings of the same, and it had a green cape behind. She felt very much pleased when she was equipped in her finery, as she started for church. At the last moment she went to the pile of clean clothes to get a handkerchief. She was in such a hurry that she stuffed it into her pocket without looking to see if it belonged to her. As she went up the aisle of the meeting-house she held herself as straight as she could, and tried to look as queenly as Catherine. She hoped every one would notice her new dress and bonnet. Yes, the ladies must all be saying to themselves, "What a beautiful new changeable silk Marietta Hamilton has on! Her bonnet is very pretty also. It is so simple and yet it has such an air! How well she behaves, too, for one so young! She is a very good little girl."

She was so busy with these reflections that she did not take much interest in the service, but just before the first prayer she remembered that there was another reason for coming to meeting besides showing off her new clothes. She started to take out her handkerchief to put it before her closed eyes and bury her face in it reverently as she had been taught to do. She pulled at it very hard, for it

seemed unusually large, even for the handkerchiefs of those days, and as she tugged away it grew longer and longer, and finally branched out into two strings, in the most surprising manner. Olivia began to laugh in an unseemly way, and Mrs. Hamilton shook her head at her gravely. She then turned to Marietta with a reproachful glance that said as plainly as words, "What naughty thing is that child doing?"

The little girl held up her handkerchief that had turned into an apron as suddenly as if she had been a conjurer, and even her mother smiled.

The family aprons and handkerchiefs were made out of the same material, which was what had misled her. When Mr. Hamilton's linen shirts were too old to be used for their original purpose, the good part was converted into handkerchiefs and aprons for his children.

Poor Marietta was very much ashamed of her mistake, especially when the boys began to titter. She had meant to be so serious and devout, and here she was in church with a large white apron! Olivia made signs to her to put it on, and Charles went through the motion of tying the strings, while her face grew hotter and hotter. At last Wallace whispered in her ear, "Wear it, by all means, Polly. It will save your fine new gown."

Marietta hastily thrust the apron under the pew-seat, and her pleasure in the rest of the service was spoiled. Alas! no one would say, "What a good little girl Marietta Hamilton is!" They would be thinking instead, "Marietta Hamilton does not know a handkerchief from an apron!"

Happily the service did not last all day, and Marietta forgot her mortification as soon as she left the meeting-house, for she had a Fast Day dinner in prospect. It was not exactly like a Thanksgiving dinner, but it was equally delightful in its way, because it was out of the common course, consisting as it did merely of doughnuts and cheese. The afternoon, however, was the best part of Fast Day, for the children were allowed to go to the woods.

It was a fine day, and spring seemed really to be coming, although there was still some snow left in the less sunny places. Marietta took off her changeable silk and put on the oldest gown she possessed, for she knew well that an old gown is an excellent friend at such a time, for in its company one can dive into the underbrush, or even tumble into a brook, without disastrous consequences. They had the most delightful afternoon just on the edge of the grove by the brook. The blue sky overhead, and the feeling of the soft grass under her feet, but

above all the soughing of the wind through the pines, made Marietta so happy that she did not once think of the Fast Day service until Wallace said, "I say, Pollyetta, you don't happen to have an apron in your pocket, do you? I'm going to build a dam in the brook, and I'd like to protect my new spring trousers."

"You've got on the worst old trousers I ever saw any boy wear," she said reproachfully, "and I don't think it's polite to speak about things that are past."

Catherine had taken a basket that she had filled with doughnuts and oranges to the woods, and while the others assisted Wallace in his undertaking, she prepared the feast. At last a little dam was constructed of sticks and stones so that a placid lake was made, and here a fleet of acorn-cup boats with pin-head masts sailed bravely to a quiet harbor. Olivia and Marietta made a tea-set of acorns, and then they broke off branches of black birch and nibbled them with great satisfaction. They also decorated their cottage bonnets with evergreen. It was a merry company who sat down to a repast of doughnuts and oranges spread out on the top of a rock which had a border of the running evergreen to match the cottage bonnets of the guests. Perhaps the most delightful part of the occasion was the

orange-peel teeth in which they all rejoiced. Olivia had peeled two oranges carefully, and she cut the skin into quarters, and then divided these again by a line that went almost from end to end, and in the two parts thus formed she made numerous smaller divisions like teeth. When the whole was completed the orange-peel was slipped into the mouth with the white side out, and each child was resplendent in a new set of teeth of a strange and amusing kind. At last they were obliged regretfully to leave the woods and to tramp home, tired but very happy. Their adventures were not quite over for the day, for Catherine's intimate friend, Mary Levitt, dropped in unexpectedly to tea. Now unfortunately so many doughnuts had been eaten that there were not enough left for supper, but there was part of a loaf of Indian-meal pound-cake that was very appetizing. Catherine looked at it critically, and decided that if it were cut in thin slices, and if the children did not eat any, there would be enough left for the others. So she took them all aside and told them that when the cake was passed they must say, "No, I thank you."

The meal went on agreeably, and the boys behaved with unexpected propriety. At last it was time to pass the cake. Mrs. Hamilton took some and so

did Mr. Hamilton and Mary Levitt, and then Catherine helped herself to a slice. It was passed to Marietta next and she declined politely.

"Are n't you going to take any cake, Marietta?" exclaimed the mischievous Olivia.

"No, I thank you."

"I thought you liked pound cake?" she persisted.

Marietta was silent.

"Will you have some, Wallace?" Olivia asked, as she passed it to her brother.

"No, I thank you."

"Will you have a slice, Charles?"

"What do you pass the cake to us for?" asked the irate little boy. "You know Catherine said we could n't have any. There is n't enough to go around."

And so ended Marietta's Fast Day. It had been a "day of fasting and humiliation," as the governor's proclamation said it should be.

ROSY-CAKES AND HUMMING-BIRDS

THERE was nothing quite so pleasant about Marietta's new home as the old garden. She did not discover this all at once, for it is only when you have summered and wintered a garden that you can have any idea how fascinating it is. It was sufficiently charming that first winter with its snow and ice, but that was not a circumstance to its summer garb. First of all came her old friends the dandelions, that she had known on Boston Common. It seemed so wonderful, after the grass had turned green, to have myriads of little golden stars suddenly appear in it. Dandelions, beside being beautiful, were useful too, for they made such delightful little girls with curly hair. Next came the lilacs, and Marietta was sure there was no pleasure in life greater than stringing the blossoms together to make them into necklaces for her children. Her little family of dolls always wore amethysts during the spring, even when they were in mourning. She was not sure that this was suitable, but Olivia told her that lilac was one of the mourning colors.

"How fortunate!" said Marietta. "I'm glad lilacs are n't sky-blue."

But most delightful of all were the rosy-cakes. The garden was more charming than ever by this time, for all the rosebushes were ablaze with color. Some of them were covered with deep crimson roses, and others with pale pink ones, and there were tiny streaked pink-and-white roses, and some that were pure white, scattering their petals on the ground like a snowstorm. Every kind could be used in making rosy-cakes.

"It is time to put up our preserves now," said Olivia one bright summer morning. "The girls at school have given me a fine receipt; they say there is nothing quite equal to rosy-cakes."

Marietta and Olivia gathered large quantities of rose petals, and then they smoothed them out and put them into little white paper envelopes that they made, first a layer of rose-leaves, then a layer of sugar, then more rose-leaves and more sugar, until the envelopes were full.

"Now we must find a sunny corner of the garden where they can be thoroughly baked," said Olivia. "They say that rosy-cakes have a better flavor if you put them in the ground in a hot place."

They found a sunny spot, and here they buried

their treasures, and put a large stone on top so they could be pressed flat.

"We must leave them for three days," Olivia explained.

"It does not seem as if I could have patience to wait," said Marietta, who, like her father, always wanted a thing at once.

The three days were over at last, and Olivia and Marietta ran down into the garden at the first possible moment. Olivia lifted the stone in an impressive manner, and then she handed one white envelope to her sister, and took possession of a second.

"I'm glad they were n't stolen," said Marietta. "It is n't like Boston Common. Our own garden is a safe place."

Olivia had already tasted a roseleaf.

"I don't wonder they were not stolen, they are so horrid," she said, making up a wry face.

Marietta was struggling with a large mouthful.

"Horrid? I think they are delicious," she said loyally. "When I grow up, I shall tell all my children how to make rosy-cakes."

"When I grow up, I shall warn my children against them."

"I am sure Leonora will like them, and I mean to send her some in a letter."

She dispatched a letter by the next mail, and when Leonora's answer came she showed it to Olivia in triumph.

"I was so glad to receive the rosy-cakes, dear Marietta," Leonora wrote politely. "They have such an out-of-doors flavor. Mine always have to be pressed in dictionaries, which is not half so attractive. I ate one roseleaf, and I mean to keep the rest forever to remember my dear Marietta by."

"There! You see how much she likes them!" exclaimed Marietta.

"No, I don't. I am sure she thinks them horrid, or she would have eaten them all."

I am afraid Marietta herself was not as delighted with the rosy-cakes as she tried to think she was. They were, in fact, more satisfactory in prospect than when they were actually attained. But wise people tell us that most things in life are sweeter in anticipation than in possession, and why should it be any different with rosy-cakes?

After the roses had departed the garden became the home of foxgloves, blue larkspurs, and marigolds, and it was full of birds and beautiful butterflies. Marietta's great excitement was her evening chase for a humming-bird. She and Olivia had seen these little creatures darting about among the flowers,

with their jeweled throats sparkling in the sunshine, and they longed to tame one.

"If we could catch just one," said Marietta, "we could put him in a little cage and have him for our very own."

Olivia did not think it would be easy to catch a humming-bird, but she was never daunted by trifles.

Wallace openly laughed at the scheme. "You 'd better put salt on his tail and get him that way, Marietta," he said.

"Is salt a good thing, truly, Wallace?"

"He 's only laughing at you," said Olivia. "If you can get near enough to put salt on his tail, you 'll get near enough to catch him."

"Of course we 'll make him very comfortable," said Marietta. "If he does n't like living in a cage we 'll let him go. But anyway we 'll have the fun of having a dear humming-bird for our very own, and we 'll tie a blue ribbon around his neck when we catch him, so if we let him go we shall always know he 's our humming-bird, when we see him flying around the garden."

"I should say we 'll do all this *if* we catch him," amended Olivia.

They tried catching a humming-bird in the daytime, but with no success, and they finally made up

their minds that it would be best to wait until evening, when the light would be so dim that the little creatures would not realize that anybody was lying in wait for them.

"I saw lots of them flying around after dark the other night," Marietta stated.

There came two or three stormy evenings, so the children were obliged to postpone their plan, but at last there arrived such a perfect night that it seemed as if no creature that could walk or fly would be poor-spirited enough to stay under shelter.

"Surely the little humming-birds will come out of their nests to-night to take the air," said Marietta.

It was dark in the garden, for there was only a little silver thread of a moon behind the trees, and the shadows were gloomy and almost eerie. Olivia and Marietta were afraid of nothing, however, but stole out cautiously to take a survey. Yes, there were two or three humming-birds resting on a rose-bush where it would be easy to catch them.

"Run in, Marietta, quick! quick! and get two tumblers, and I will stay here to keep watch," said Olivia. "Perhaps we can each get a humming-bird!"

Marietta obeyed, and returned, not only with the

tumblers, but with two small boys, an addition that Olivia did not welcome.

"You boys must keep perfectly still, so as not to frighten the humming-birds," she said severely.

"But we want to get humming-birds too!" cried the little boys, who were armed with tumblers.

"If we all try at once we shall frighten them," said Olivia.

As she spoke, one of the lovely little creatures flapped its wings and came over to settle on a bush, close to Marietta, who instantly clapped her tumbler over him.

"I've got him! I've got him!" she cried with excitement. "I've really, truly got him!"

The little boys gave such a wild war-whoop of joy that the other humming-birds must have been thoroughly startled.

The children returned to the house in a proud procession, Marietta taking the lead, with her hand put securely over the tumbler, that her prize might not escape.

"I wonder what Wallace will say now?" she remarked triumphantly.

Wallace was just going out of the house as they entered it.

"Come back! Come back!" Marietta called out.

"I've really caught a humming-bird! I got it so easily! All I had to do was to put the tumbler over it, so," and she made an expressive gesture with her left hand. "Perhaps I'll catch one for you to-morrow night, Wallace."

"How kind of you!"

"Mother! Mother!" she exclaimed, bursting into the parlor, "what do you suppose I've got? A humming-bird!"

They all drew up around the astral lamp to examine Marietta's treasure.

"Stay close by, Olivia, so as to catch him if he tries to fly away," said Marietta. "You see I've got him, he's quite safe," she added, as she looked at the dark object that showed through the glass.

"Hurry up, Pollyetta, I must be going," said Wallace.

She gently drew forth her prize. Wallace burst into a peal of laughter. As for Marietta, she gazed blankly at her humming-bird, and began to laugh somewhat ruefully, for it was very peculiar. It had no beak or neck, but merely two great brown wings spotted with green.

"It's only a moth!" Charles exclaimed in deep disgust.

"Only an old brown moth!" added Horatio.

"Be sure you catch one for me to-morrow night, Marietta," said Wallace. "I won't keep him long, for I 'm afraid he won't be happy in a cage, and when I let him go I 'll tie pink ribbon on mine so I 'll know him from yours."

A DOLLS' GARDEN PARTY

It was a great joy to Marietta later that same summer when her dear Leonora came to make her a visit. She arranged her baby-house to look as well as possible, and swept out the dubious corners with a small broom and dusted all the furniture. The baby-house was in the garret, a large room which extended over the whole house, and which had many dark and mysterious corners where trunks and old furniture were piled. The part they played in was very cheerful, however, being lighted by a large window in the shape of a half moon. The window was high up, and underneath it was a wide, low platform where the sun lay all day long, and where Marietta had a most charming home for her dolls. She divided it into two rooms, a parlor and bedroom. In the parlor was a sofa which Catherine had made for her out of heavy pasteboard stuffed and covered with green cloth. She also had a mahogany centre-table, and four wooden chairs painted green and adorned by a cluster of painted roses. In the bed-room was a dear little chestnut bedstead, fitted out

with pillowcases, sheets, blankets, and a patchwork quilt. There was also a chestnut bureau and a chestnut washstand, with a small white bowl and pitcher to complete its charms.

The afternoon that Leonora came Marietta rushed down to meet her, and took her at once up to the attic, where she was introduced to her new dolls; for since she had seen her friend, Marietta had become the happy possessor of a pair of twins. They were sweet little persons, exactly alike, with cloth bodies and heads of composition, which were much prettier than the wooden heads, although they had the disadvantage of breaking more easily. The twins were babies, and so of course they were to wear long white dresses with little waists that had low necks and short sleeves, like those of the live babies. At the time Marietta showed the twins to Leonora, only one of them was dressed. Olivia had kindly made its clothes, but her patience had given out at this point, and she persistently refused to dress the second twin. This was a grief to Marietta, for of course twins ought to be dressed exactly alike. She was struggling with its costume herself, but had only got as far as the flannel pinning-blanket. Her dear Leonora admired the twins as much as her heart could desire, but when Marietta suggested that she should

make a gown for the second baby, Leonora began to talk of something else. This was what happened whenever Marietta turned the conversation upon the destitute condition of that twin. She was used to an apparent deafness in her family, but she had hoped for better things from Leonora. Marietta's other dolls were in mourning, for they had lately lost a cherished sister, Carrie, by the breaking of her brittle head. Leonora said she must have had "concussion of the brain." This sad loss was the reason Marietta had found it so hard to get time to dress the second twin, for putting a family of dolls into mourning meant a great many stitches. Each doll had a black dress, and her cottage bonnet was trimmed with a black ribbon.

After the children had played a long time in the sunny part of the attic, and had explored the dark and mysterious corners, Marietta took Leonora down into the garden. It was more delightful than ever, for the asparagus bushes were so high that they made a tall forest. The little girls could play hide-and-seek there, or, better still, they could imagine that they were in an enchanted wood.

A few days later Marietta decided to give a tea-party in honor of Leonora in the northeast corner of the garden, near enough to the asparagus grove

to retire there when they felt the need of its pleasant shade. A tea-party in those days was a very important affair. They took the little mahogany table down from the attic and placed it near the hollyhocks, and then they carried out all their Revolutionary china. This was the name by which a little tea-set was always called in the family, although, in point of fact, it dated farther back than the Revolution. It had been given to the children because the cups and saucers were too small to be in the fashion of the day, for nobody thought a tea-cup or a coffee-cup was worth owning unless it was of generous proportions. Catherine had played with the tea-set when she was a little girl, and then it had been given to Olivia, and by the time it descended to Marietta there were very few cups and saucers left. The coffee-cups were about the size that small after-dinner cups are now, and the tea-cups were a little larger. The china was white, and on every piece was a lovely little gilt wreath, caught up in festoons with gilt bow-knots. The fashion has come back again, and one sees the same decoration on china now, and on wall-papers, and even on the outsides of houses. The tea-pot was low and broad, and the cream-pitcher was tall and slender. The coffee-cups were tall and slender too, while the

tea-cups were broad and low. Leonora said the cream-pitcher was the tall, slender father, and that the tea-pot was the plump mother, while the thin, tall coffee-cups were boys, and the shorter tea-cups were girls. Marietta could not agree that all the boys would take after their father, and all the girls look like their mother. It was not so in her family. However that may have been, on this particular afternoon they were only plain cups and saucers. The children had provided very little for their feast. They thought it would be pleasure enough to have the table set under the blue sky with the fleecy white clouds sailing over them, and the mighty asparagus forest swaying in the summer wind, and the hollyhocks beside them. In such conditions plain water in the tea-pot was better than the most costly tea, and leaves and grass made an excellent salad. They seated themselves at the table with their families, and each doll sipped her water in contentment. Who could ask for more? They had not been long at the table before Olivia came down the garden path in a lilac calico gown, bearing a tray in her hand. Dear Olivia! Surely a little sister never had so kind and good a big sister in spite of all her mischief! Olivia was very pretty, with dark, laughing eyes and a bright color, but it was not of these

things that the children thought as she came towards them, but of the contents of her tray.

"I thought perhaps you would like some biscuit and cookies to eat with your salad," she said.

Like them! It is only after having lived on grass salad, which cannot be eaten really, that one can fully appreciate the joy of real, true biscuit and cookies, — not the common, plebeian biscuit and cookies of the every-day world, but the dearest, most darling miniature biscuit that had ever been baked since the world began, and the sweetest little sugar-cookies that had ever been cut out by a thimble. There were biscuit and cookies enough for their entire families, as well as several apiece for themselves, and they were finally obliged to eat their children's share as well as their own, for the dolls did not care for plain biscuit, and salad agreed with them better than sweets. It is very convenient when things happen in this way in a family, for if you do not fancy grass salad yourself, and your children delight in it, but are not partial to biscuit, of which you are passionately fond, then every one is suited.

The feast went on most merrily, and it was not until nearly every cooky had been eaten that the sad catastrophe happened. Leonora's daughter, Marietta, was clamoring loudly for a cooky.

"You have n't given me a single one, mother," she said.

"My dear, sweet things do not agree with little people."

"I've seen you eat more than eight, mother. Eight is as high as I can count. If ever so many more than eight cookies agree with you, I don't think that one would hurt me."

"Be still, my child. If you are not quiet I shall have to beat you with a stick," said the doll's mother. "I am sorry that your dear godmother should see you behaving so badly."

Whereupon the doll, Marietta, became so very naughty that Leonora picked up a small stick and leaned across her namesake to give her child a whipping, and as she did so her sleeve brushed against Leonora's tea-cup and sent it flying off the table. Marietta dived down to pick it up, but alas! it had hit against a stone and broken into a dozen pieces.

Leonora and Marietta stood looking at the broken fragments in mournful silence for a couple of minutes.

"I wish it had been a coffee-cup, there are so few tea-cups left," said Marietta sadly.

"Seems to me I would wish it had n't happened at all, if I were wishing," said Leonora. "I'm sure

I wish I had n't been so careless," she added penitently.

"I would n't mind, only we can never get any more," said Marietta in a melancholy voice, "never, never. You see it is Revolutionary china. They don't make such things nowadays."

"Suppose we plant it," suggested Leonora, "and perhaps a whole tree of tea-cups will come up."

This was a little too much even for Marietta's credulity.

"I never heard of such a thing," she said slowly.

"No? You have never studied Botany, as I have. I suppose you know that if you plant an ugly old brown bulb a tall, beautiful lily will come up?"

"Yes, of course I know that."

"Do you know what happens to an ugly old cocoon?" demanded Leonora.

"It turns into a beautiful butterfly."

"Is it any more wonderful to have a tea-cup tree come up if you plant a tea-cup?"

"I don't know."

"At any rate we will try planting it, and see what happens."

Marietta was sure that this could do no harm, and although she did not have complete faith in the tea-cup tree, she thought it barely possible that it might

appear, for Leonora seemed to believe in it, and Leonora was such a wise person! So they planted the broken fragments of the tea-cup under the largest bush in the asparagus grove, with a great deal of pomp and ceremony, for Leonora said that as it was a Revolutionary tea-cup, they must do nothing lightly.

"Will only tea-cups come up?" Marietta asked. "Or will there be saucers too? It would be so much more useful to have cups and saucers both."

Leonora pondered for some time. "I shall have to look it up in the Botany," she said. "I have an impression that cups and saucers always go together, and I am almost sure that if tea-cups come up saucers will follow, just as the acorn-cups always have saucers."

This was very consoling to Marietta's practical mind.

"I am almost sure," Leonora continued with vivacity, "if the tea-cup pieces take a firm root and a flourishing tea-cup tree comes up, that, when it is time for it to blossom, the flowers at the ends of the branches will be tea-pots and cream-pitchers and sugar-bowls."

"Oh, Leonora! That would be too delightful!"

Even as she spoke she was by no means sure of

the tea-cup tree, but if one only talked of the practical things one was sure of, conversation would be so limited!

Every day during Leonora's visit the children looked in the garden to see if the tea-cup had sprouted. And when they saw no signs of it, Leonora said that she had the impression that tea-cups had to be planted a long time before they began to grow. "It may take months and it may take years," she said. "If we come to this garden when we are old ladies, by that time I feel sure there will be a lofty tea-cup tree towering above the giant asparagus grove, and quite luxuriant with its tea-pot and sugar-bowl blossoms."

It was very sad when the last day of Leonora's visit came, and Marietta had to face the fact of living without her.

"Oh, dear, how dreadful this seems!" she said, when she went into her friend's room and saw her dresses lying on the bed in a confused heap.

"Is n't it curious," said Leonora, "that I should have eleven gowns and be just eleven years old? And do you know, Marietta, that I tore a barn-door in my pink calico this morning when Charles and I jumped out of the window? That makes ten barn-doors, altogether. I 've only my blue barège dancing-school dress left whole, because I did n't wear that but twice. Is n't it fortunate that your mother can mend so well? She is such a dear! How short I should have been in gowns without her! I should have had to wear my dancing-school barège home in the stage, and mamma would have had ten dresses to mend! I was n't going to say anything about the last hole, and I was skirting along with my back to the wall, so she would n't notice, for I thought

she had had trouble enough with me and my clothes, when she looked up with such a pleasant smile and said, 'Another barn-door, Leonora? That makes your collection quite complete, does n't it? Bring your gown to me and I will mend it.' She mends them so beautifully that one would never notice the tear. Still, I think it would be best to wear a gown home in the stage with a darn in the back of the skirt rather than the front, don't you?" and Leonora contemplated her row of dresses thoughtfully. "I am evidently a very rich farmer with an immense barn, for I have so many doors to it. I always did like even numbers best, and ten barn-doors are much more symmetrical than nine."

Marietta laughed. "Oh, Leonora, you are so funny!" she said. "Who will make me laugh when you are gone? What shall I do without you? And what will my children do without your children?"

"You are coming to see me next winter. We will live on the thought of that. And you must write to me every week, dear. I wish it was n't so expensive to send letters! Ninepence is a great price to pay, for one of my letters, I mean. I would gladly pay twice as much for one of yours. We will

send as often as we can by 'private hand.' I have had a lovely visit, and I am so happy that our children have become intimate. As mamma says, 'there is nothing like an inherited friendship.' Marietta and Leonora must write to each other too."

"Oh, yes. That will be very nice."

Leonora had begun to tumble her possessions into her trunk.

"There is something very queer about my things," she observed. "I believe they are bewitched. They all went in so easily when mamma did the packing, and now they won't half go in. They seem to have grown a great deal. Country air evidently agrees with them."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Marietta, who was a born housewife. "If we fold them up and make them very small I think they will all go in."

The two children struggled with their problem for some time.

"One thing is clear to me," said Leonora. "I shall have to leave out all my dolls, or they will get smashed. Do you think the people in the stage will be very much surprised to see me traveling with three children? It will be a little awkward when we stop for meals."

"Leonora, I have come to see if I can help you

with your packing," said Marietta's mother, appearing at the door at that moment.

"Oh, Mrs. Hamilton! Mrs. Hamilton! what an angel you are!" And the grateful little girl flung her arms around her benefactress. "How can I ever thank you enough!"

Marietta felt very forlorn after Leonora had departed, but she at once began to console herself with her children. She found that a great deal of work had accumulated during Leonora's visit, and she was obliged at once to do a family washing. Her larger dolls each had two sets of underclothes in order that they might wear one set while the other was being washed, but she now found that all their things were very grimy, so she was obliged to put them into their nightgowns and nightcaps and send them to bed. She pretended that they had been very naughty, and eaten green apples.

"I shall punish you for your disobedience by keeping you in bed all day," she said sternly, "and I shall give you each an arithmetic lesson to study."

Marietta had a small washtub, painted blue outside and white inside, like the large ones the maids used, and little baby-flatirons. She kept them in the outer kitchen, and here she went now, and scrubbed away on her dolls' clothes, getting red in

the face, and rubbing the skin off her small hands. The result was very satisfactory, however, and she had great pride in the snowy row of tiny gowns and minute undergarments that hung on a line in the back yard. When the clothes were dry, she took them in and starched them and ironed them with her small irons, burning her fingers, but not greatly minding even that misfortune, so proud was she of the dainty little white gowns and petticoats when they were ready to be put on her children. When she went to them she found that they had their arithmetic lesson perfectly, and they faithfully promised not to be naughty again.

"I know that your Aunt Leonora would be very sorry if I were to write and tell her how badly you have behaved," she said.

"Aunt Leonora ate some green apples herself, mother," Leonora replied.

"That has nothing to do with it, my child."

"But it is that which put it into our heads to eat green apples."

"We will talk about your writing lesson, now, my children. If you are very good, Leonora, I will allow you to begin a letter to your friend, Marietta."

It was not long before an interesting letter arrived

from the larger Leonora, and there was a postscript to it written by her doll, Marietta.

"I think, my dear child, that we must answer our letters to-day," Marietta said to her daughter one bright afternoon.

She brought out her little rosewood desk and began to write with a quill pen on a huge sheet of bright yellow paper, which was the latest fashion. She wrote in a finished, grown-up handwriting, and every word was spelled correctly. Her letter ran as follows: —

Dear Leonora, — I did not write by Mr. Payson because I did not have time before church, and after church I had a headache.

I am very glad to hear all your children are so well. My child is to be called Catherine Leonora, for her grandmother and for you. I play a great deal with Mary Potter, a girl about my own age. She has a beautiful little mahogany bedstead, which her father has fixed for us, and we have it in the baby-house. I also have three new chairs. I expect to have grand times this autumn, and I only wish you were here to play with me. Have your brothers got entirely over the whooping-cough yet? I hope none of your children have had it. Leonora was

very much pleased with the letter of Marietta's and intends to answer it.

I have had a present, and what do you think it is? It is a jointed child!!!! The poor thing is not dressed yet, but I hope that it will soon get completely rigged. How I do run from one subject to another.

Dear Leonora, I must now bid you good-by, for Leonora wants to write to Marietta and wants me to leave room for her.

Your affectionate

M. E. Hamilton.

P. S. I hardly know what I have written, for I have written whatever came into my head.

Love to all. M E. H.

The doll's letter was in a handwriting that somewhat resembled her mother's, but it was not so good. It was much larger and bolder, but less even. She said: —

Dear Marietta, — As mother has left me room to write in her letter I thought I would, and answer your letter besides. Is n't that a good plan? My black silk dress is finished, and it is very pretty, mother says. I have had a present of a most beau-

tiful straw bonnet. It is for my best Sunday-go-to-meeting bonnet, and I have a sweet little paper one besides, to wear to school, and a pretty little hood for winter. I have got a new, long nightgown, and a new nightcap that was bought at the fair, and a lady made me a present of it. I have told you all the news, so good-by.

Your affectionate cousin,

LEONORA HAMILTON.

P. S. I have got a new sister called Alice.

There followed another postscript in pencil by Marietta herself.

P. S. This letter has been kicking round the house for a long time, waiting for an opportunity to send it. My new child is now completely rigged, and is to be called Alice.

POLLYETTA E. H.

Marietta folded her letter, which was only written on three sides, and sealed it with red wafers, and on the blank side she directed it to,

Miss LEONORA P. HEATH,
Care of NEAL HEATH, Esq.,
Boston,
Mass.

No street or number was needed, for Boston was such a small city.

A fortnight later the answer came. There were only a few words from Leonora herself; the greater part of the sheet was filled by the doll Marietta, who wrote to her friend as follows: —

My Dear Leonora, — I was much pleased with your letter. I am glad to hear that you have a new nightcap and a new sister. They are both so useful and agreeable.

We are all studying very hard now, for mother has a school for us every day. She teaches us Latin and French, and we are just beginning German. Mother likes to have us get accustomed to talking the languages, for she says one never knows what may happen, and if we should ever go to live in a foreign court, French and German and even Latin might come in handy. There is nothing like preparing for all emergencies, mother says. She is studying German, herself, and takes her lessons — where do you think? — in that lovely arbor behind the house at the top of the pretty green terraces, on Beacon Street, nearly opposite your old home. She teaches us a little Arithmetic sometimes, but she does not approve of mathematics for girls, and we

have lessons in Botany too. By the way, she wanted me to be sure to tell you that she looked up tea-cup trees in her Botany, and she is sorry to find that they belong to the century plant family and only blossom once in a hundred years. She says our great-grandchildren will find the tree very useful, for by that time all the Revolutionary tea-set will be broken. She says a tea-cup tree in the back yard is a great convenience, and that no well-regulated family should be without one, for when the domestics are careless it is so nice to be able to replace tea-cups and saucers without expense or trouble.

Your mother asks if we have any of us had the whooping-cough. I am sorry to say that all of mother's twelve pupils came down with it at once, and she was obliged to turn our school-room into a hospital, and we did not study our lessons for some days. Uncle Ernest prescribed for us, and we are now very well again.

Give my love to your mother, and keep a great deal for yourself. Here are a dozen kisses for you, my dear cousin. I have kissed the places myself.

Your very affectionate

MARIETTA H. HEATH.

Marietta and her daughter Leonora were much impressed by this letter.

"How hard your cousins are studying," said Marietta. "I shall have to begin to teach you Latin, my dears, for I don't want Leonora's children to get so far ahead of you. Put up your sewing, my children, and we will have school. I can't teach you French and German, for I don't know them myself, but we will begin the Latin Grammar at once."

CLOUDS

So far Marietta's childhood had been almost one unbroken flood of sunshine. Of course she had had her trials, but they were temporary, like April showers, and the sun shone all the more brightly afterwards; but now, during the winter that she was eight years old, something occurred that was very hard to bear.

All her life, ever since Charles distinguished himself by running towards the gap in the palings, Marietta had felt the responsibility of this reckless little brother. He was so dear and charming, and so utterly without fear! She herself was a serious and cautious little maiden, who was seldom in a scrape of her own making.

She had been having such a pleasant time at school, and came rushing home as gay as a lark. Everything seemed unusually still.

"Mother! Mother!" she called.

This was the first word that the children uttered whenever they entered the house.

This time there was no answer.

"Mother! Mother!" she said again, and when there was still no reply she called, "Edie!"

At last she ran to the nursery.

"Edie, where's mother?" she asked, pushing open the door.

The nurse came forward to meet her with her finger on her lips, and as Marietta glanced into the room she could see that her mother had been crying. Charles was lying very still on the bed.

"What has happened?" Marietta demanded breathlessly.

Edie came into the entry and closed the door.

"Your poor little brother has hurt himself very badly, Marietta, but the doctor has been here and says he is doing as well as he can. It is a great mercy he was not killed."

Marietta turned pale, and sank down on a chair in a forlorn little heap. "Tell me about it," she begged.

It was a remarkable story, for Charles had shown as much courage and presence of mind as if he had been fifty instead of a little more than five.

All the older children were at school, and Mrs. Hamilton was down town doing her marketing. Edie was busy with the younger boys and the baby, Edmund, for there were now eight children.

"I want an apple to eat," Charles said.

"I can't leave the children to get you one," Edie replied, "so you will have to ask Ann."

Charles trotted contentedly out into the kitchen. It was Monday morning, and the cook and Ann were busy doing their washing in the large blue wooden tubs.

"Ann, please get me an apple," Charles said.

"Don't you see I 'm busy?" she answered crossly. "I shall never get these clothes out if I stop to do errands for little boys."

"Will you please get me an apple, Phœbe?" he asked, turning to the cook.

"Don't you see I'm just as busy as Ann is? I guess if she can't stop I can't! Why don't you get one yourself?"

"It 's so dark in the cellar."

"I 'll light a lamp for you," Phœbe said good-naturedly.

This was not an easy matter, for there were no matches in those days, and she had to blow a coal for a long time, until she grew very red in the face.

Finally, however, the lamp was lighted and she gave it to the little boy, who sturdily trudged down the cellar stairs and went in search of the barrel of

russets. Although he was old enough to be a hero, he was still young enough to wear a blue cotton apron. It was not easy to get an apple, after he had found the barrel, for it was so late in the winter that half the apples had been eaten. He leaned over, with the lamp still in one hand, and by reaching far down he at last succeeded in seizing a large russet, but, as he was withdrawing his prize, the flame caught on his cotton apron. He was a child who was not easily frightened, and when he saw the blaze his first thought was how he could put it out. The cellar he was in had a cement floor, but the next one was sanded. He put down his lamp and ran quickly into the adjoining cellar. Here he took up a handful of sand and put it on the flame. It did not seem to be quite out, so he stooped down and picked up another handful, which he rubbed over it again. This was very successful, and seeing no more flame he took his lamp again and ran upstairs. The maids were still in the outer kitchen, and did not see him as he set his lamp down on the table in the inner kitchen. To get to the nursery he had to go out-of-doors across the piazza. It was a windy day, and a gust of air fanned the smouldering fire that he thought he had extinguished. When he opened the nursery door the

poor little boy was all ablaze. Not only was his cotton apron on fire, but his hair had caught too.

"My child!" cried Edie, rushing up to him in consternation. She soon succeeded in putting out the fire, but alas! she discovered that his poor little neck and shoulder were badly burned.

When his mother came home she found the doctor with him, dressing the wounds.

As Marietta heard the whole sad story her lip trembled and she began to cry. It was terrible to think of the sufferings of her poor little brother. At that moment she felt that there was no pleasure left in life. Once she had been happy, very happy, but that seemed a long time ago.

"May I see him?" she asked eagerly. "Can I go in and tell him how sorry I am?"

"By and by, dear, when he is feeling a little better."

There were days and weeks in which a great anxiety hung over the household, when people met and talked in hushed tones, when, to Mrs. Hamilton, the world seemed to have slipped away, and nothing to exist beyond the four walls of a little room where a patient invalid lay. Marietta went to school, as usual, and sometimes forgot, for a few moments, the

sorrow that was always waiting for her at home; but she no sooner entered the house than it would all come over her with a dull sense of pain, and she would knock timidly on the nursery door and inquire for Charles.

It sometimes seems as if we could not know what it is to be very happy until we have been very wretched. When the weeks of severe illness were over and the doctor said that in time Charles would be his own strong self, then Marietta felt that she had never known how very charming the world could be.

To go into the darkened room and to sit on the edge of her little brother's bed, holding his hand and telling him all the amusing things that had happened at school, was the greatest pleasure she had ever had. She would think how very near he had come to leaving them, and then she would squeeze his hand and tell him how much she loved him.

"I want an apple," said Charles one day.

Marietta felt like shuddering whenever apples were mentioned.

"Why do you want an apple, dear?" she asked.

"Because I like them so much, and you know I never had that russet I got down cellar. They

would n't let me eat it. Ask mother if I can't have one?"

Mrs. Hamilton thought an apple, roasted before the fire, would do him no harm, and so she drove a nail into the mantelpiece and tied a string to it, and then she tied the other end to the apple, and there it hung temptingly before the fire, and when it was well roasted on one side Marietta twirled the string so that it might get thoroughly cooked on the other side.

When it was done Mrs. Hamilton put it in a saucer and gave it to Charles to eat. It was steaming in a most appetizing manner.

"Oh, how nice," he said, as he tasted the first spoonful. He had never enjoyed an apple so much.

Now that he was well enough to eat apples once more, Marietta felt that she could talk about his terrible experience.

"How did you happen to think of getting sand to put on the fire?" she asked. "I should n't have known enough to do it."

"I read in a book that sand would put out fire."

"Were n't you frightened?" Marietta inquired in a low voice.

"Not at first. I thought I 'd put it all out, you

see. Have a piece?" he asked generously, holding up a spoonful of the smoking apple.

"I don't care if I do," said Marietta, taking a taste. "It's very good," she said.

"It's fine. Look here, Marietta, I've got to eat lots of apples, now, to make up for lost time."

SUNSHINE

They say "misfortunes never come singly." This is often so, but it is not always the case, for nothing else of a sad nature happened to the Hamiltons that winter. It would be quite as true to say that good fortune never comes singly, and a great deal more cheerful. As soon as Marietta's mind was relieved from anxiety concerning her little brother, one pleasant event happened after another.

To begin with, there was the last day of dancing-school, the "exhibition," as it was called. This exciting occasion took place early in March. Marietta herself had only a humble part in the great pageant, but her sister Catherine was chosen with three others to give the shawl-dance. When Marietta saw these four beautiful girls, in their picturesque costumes, she felt as if the people in the Arabian Nights had suddenly been let loose in Masonic Hall. Catherine wore an underdress of white muslin, and over this a crimson satin tunic, covered with spangles. She had on full white satin trousers that came down to her ankles, and slippers of crimson satin, richly

spangled, like her tunic. In her hands she carried a scarf of soft crimson silk with gold threads running through it. Nothing could have been more graceful than the way in which she went through with the intricate figures of the dance, and little Marietta was spell-bound, feeling as if she were in an enchanted country. There were cotillons and lively country-dances in which she herself took part. Round dances were not generally known in America, in those days, but Catherine and Olivia had learned a graceful dance in Scotland, called the waltz, and they used good-naturedly to dance it whenever they were asked. They waltzed together at the exhibition, and Marietta did not know which sister was the more lovely, Catherine, with her bright, auburn hair and blue eyes and queenly ways, or Olivia, with her rich coloring and her dark hair and bright eyes. Olivia was so brilliant and full of life that she seemed as gayly dressed as Catherine was in all her splendor, although she merely wore an embroidered white muslin.

Marietta thought this dancing-school exhibition was very wonderful, but something even more exciting was in store for her. The next morning Mrs. Hamilton said, "I have had a letter from Leonora's mother, and she wants you to make them a visit of a couple of weeks."

"Mother!"

"You would like to go, then?" For Marietta's eyes and voice were most expressive.

"Oh, yes!"

"You would have to lose a fortnight of school."

Marietta looked sober. "It seems to me I could study hard enough to make up for it after I get back," she remarked.

"I think so too. School is not everything."

"No," said Marietta with conviction, "school is n't everything."

"I wish everybody could go with me," said Marietta, when the day for her visit was at last fixed, "especially Charles." Her father was in Boston, where he had been spending the greater part of the winter, for he still kept his studio there. It was a delight to Marietta to think that she should see him so soon. She did not very much like the idea of taking the long stage-ride without her family, but she was put under the care of some friends, which made it easy. She had to get up at two o'clock in the morning, and it was very forlorn to start off in the dark and cold, but Leonora would be waiting for her at the other end of the route, — Leonora, and all sorts of good times. Whenever she felt homesick, she thought of Leonora.

I hardly know which of the two children was the happier when the meeting at last took place. They went around the house, arm in arm, chattering like magpies. Marietta was considered a quiet child at home, but this was simply because there were so many members of her family who were fond of talking that she seldom had a chance; but when she was with a dear friend, her tongue flew.

The morning after her arrival, as soon as Marietta had finished her breakfast, she begged Leonora to go down to her father's studio with her. "I must see him, you know, just as soon as I can," she said.

The studio was on School Street, therefore it was not a long walk from Tremont Place, where Leonora lived. When the children reached the building they went up a long flight of stairs, and Marietta knocked on the studio door.

"Why, my little Pollyetta, I am glad to see you," said her father, folding her close in his big arms. "And how is everybody?"

She proceeded to give all the family news, beginning with Charles's improvement, and winding up with the dancing-school exhibition. "You should have seen Catherine and Olivia, father," she ended. "They were very beautiful."

"Polly, you must have looked rather nice yourself."

"I? Oh, no, father. I only had on an old embroidered white muslin that used to be Olivia's, and it had small sleeves, and every one else had large sleeves, so I did not look nice at all; but people were very good about dancing with me. I thought it was so kind of them not to mind the small sleeves."

"It was very kind," said her father, looking with pleasure at her animated face. "See here, Polly, I'd like to paint you while you are in town."

"Me, father?"

"Yes, you. Why not?"

"If you only could have seen Catherine and Olivia!"

"But they are not here, and you are. Can you stay this morning for a sitting?"

"Yes, we can stay," said Leonora.

"Take off that fur cape, Marietta, and I will begin at once."

"But the cape is so beautiful, father. It's new. It's the first fur cape I ever had. Could n't you put it in the picture?"

"Perhaps I could. Let me see, have you got a clean handkerchief, Polly."

The little girl drew forth her large pocket-handkerchief, and her father pinned it over the front of her low-necked gown in folds. He opened the fur

cape in the middle. "There," he said, "now you look as if you had on a white party-dress."

This was how it happened that Marietta Hamilton had her picture painted in a summer gown with a winter cape on her shoulders.

She mounted a low, broad platform, on castors, and sat down in a large armchair covered with red plush. There were canvases, painted and unpainted, standing around the room, so that people seemed to peer at her from all sides. Some were old men, and others were elderly ladies in turbans, and there were young men too, and beautiful young ladies with scarfs draped over their shoulders. Marietta sat primly, with her hands folded in her lap. She was afraid to speak for fear of spoiling the effect of the sketch. She was very much pleased to have her picture painted, for it made her feel as if she were an important person; but she was still more delighted to have a portrait of her new fur cape.

"Your birthday is the thirteenth of March, is n't it?" Leonora asked suddenly one night, after Marietta had been with her for about a week.

"Yes, I 'm going to be nine years old."

"We shall be very near of an age then, for I 'm eleven. Part of the year we 're near of an age, and the rest of it we 're a long way apart. Will it make

you homesick to be away from your family on your birthday?"

"Oh, no. There are so many of us that we never do very much about birthdays."

"Don't you have any presents?" Leonora asked, in a tone of deep commiseration.

"Not generally."

"Poor thing! You are going to have presents this year. There, I didn't mean to tell you. It was to be a surprise. You 'll forget about it, won't you?"

"I 'll try to forget, but I 'm afraid I can't help remembering."

The next morning Leonora asked Marietta if she would go to Mrs. Gregory's shop with her. "You see my brothers want to give you presents, too," she explained. "And I 'm to buy part of Ernest's, because I can choose it better. It 's to be made up, afterwards. Don't let him know I said anything about it. Of course I sha'n't let you see it. You can turn your back when I 'm choosing it."

"Yes," said Marietta, "I can turn my back. Does Mrs. Gregory still wear that strange bonnet in her shop all the time?" she asked presently.

"Oh, yes," said Leonora. "You know some people say she has n't any ears, and other people say

her head ends in a point. We in our family think she has n't any ears."

"I always imagined that her head ended in a peak," said Marietta; "but it sometimes used to seem to me as if I could n't stand it not to know for certain."

"Suppose you ask her this morning," Leonora suggested. "It would be so simple to say, 'Ma'am, is it true that you have no ears? Or does your head end in a point?' It would take only a second to ask."

"You 'd better ask, if you think it 's so simple."

"If I could only make it sound polite, I would. 'Ma'am, we have heard that your becoming bonnet is worn to conceal an interesting peculiarity. Some of our friends think that your head is as pointed as your wit, and others are equally sure that you can hear as well without ears as we can with them.' How does that sound?"

They had reached Mrs. Gregory's door, and Marietta merely replied, "Hush! She will hear you."

There she sat in her shop, a grave woman, with a large cottage bonnet on her head that concealed — what? Were there really ears like other people's under that sober straw? And as to her head, how did it look when she took her bonnet off at night?

"Good morning," said Mrs. Gregory pleasantly.

"Ma'am," Leonora began, "is it true that" —

Marietta was thunderstruck. Was her friend really going to ask those impertinent questions?

"Ma'am," Leonora went on, "is it true that you have a better variety of ribbons than any one in Boston?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Gregory replied, somewhat surprised by the question. "I have a very good variety, certainly."

"Turn your back, Marietta," Leonora commanded.

Marietta turned her broad back, which was adorned by her new fur cape, and began to examine Mrs. Gregory's stock of pins and needles on the opposite counter.

"Would n't the little girl like to see the ribbons, too?" Mrs. Gregory asked kindly.

"No. It 's a secret from her. Marietta, what 's your favorite color?"

"Green," she replied, with the promptness of long conviction.

"Green is such an ugly color. Don't you like blue better?"

"No, I 'm sure I don't."

"You ought to like blue best, for it is so much prettier than green. Supposing it was n't something

to wear, but just something to use, don't you think you 'd like blue best?"

"No, I always like green best."

"But suppose it was an ugly shade of green and a pretty shade of blue?"

"I like all shades of green."

"I 'm sure you 'd like the blue best if you could see it, would n't she, Mrs. Gregory? Anyway I 'm going to get — But I 'm not going to tell you which I shall get. I 'll leave it for a surprise. You have n't any idea what color it will be, have you, Marietta?"

"I have an idea."

"No, you have n't any idea. It would be just like me to change my mind and get pink or lilac, after all."

MARIETTA'S BIRTHDAY

MARIETTA was in a state of unwonted excitement the night before her birthday. The two little girls slept together in the guest chamber, a room that awed Marietta by its splendor. All the furniture was of the heaviest mahogany, and there was a cheval-glass, in a carved mahogany frame, that she thought very beautiful. The Brussels carpet, which had a bright, flowered pattern, impressed her too, but most magnificent of all was the mahogany bedstead, with its stately canopy overhead.

"I don't believe I shall sleep a wink to-night," said Marietta, as she put a chair by the side of the bed, in order that she might climb into the lofty structure.

"I wish you would n't, and then we could talk all night," retorted Leonora, who was much more wakeful than her friend at bedtime.

They settled themselves comfortably on the plump feather-bed, and Leonora began to throw out hints concerning the morning.

"You 'd better look at the mantelpiece the first thing when you wake up, Marietta," she observed.

"Is that where the presents will be?"

"I sha'n't tell you anything about it; only you 'd better look at the mantelpiece."

After all, Marietta was asleep long before her friend. Sad to relate, she went off in the middle of one of Leonora's exciting descriptions of a knight in armor meeting a princess in an enchanted forest.

When Marietta awoke in the morning, the light was coming in faintly through the windows, but although the sun was not yet up, she could see dimly some shadowy forms on the mantelpiece. It was a blissful moment, for she could count six brown paper parcels.

She slipped out of bed and gathered the whole collection in the skirt of her nightgown. She then climbed laboriously into bed again with her treasures. As she mounted the chair a square, hard thing tumbled to the floor, and she had to make another trip to secure it.

"Oh, Leonora!" she exclaimed rapturously, after she had taken the paper from this parcel, "Leonora! Wake up and see the beautiful thing your father has given me!"

This was the time of day, however, when Leonora

was not inclined for conversation. She merely said, "Yes," in a sleepy voice, and closed her eyes again.

It was a dear little cream-colored wooden work-box, with a picture in black of a castle on the cover, and Marietta was so overcome with joy in this possession that she was on the verge of tears.

As she lifted the lid she exclaimed, "Leonora, there are sugar-plums inside. Leonora! Sugar-plums!"

Even this exciting announcement failed to rouse her friend.

Marietta slipped a red gum-ball between Leonora's lips. This was more efficacious than conversation. The sleepy little girl gradually roused herself and sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes.

"I never knew anybody who waked up as early as you do," she grumbled.

The next present Marietta undid proved to be "Sandford and Merton" from Leonora's sister Sophia. Then came a set of grace-hoops and sticks, with the pretty fancy hoop wound with many-colored ribbons, from Leonora's mother. She next untied a small, fragile parcel marked, —

MARIETTA,
from her best friend,
LEONORA.

"Oh, it 's a paper cottage bonnet for my child," she cried. "How sweet, Leonora! Your namesake was very much in need of a new bonnet. Did you make it yourself?"

"Mostly. Sophia helped me."

"You dear thing!" said Marietta, kissing her warmly.

Leonora was still rubbing her eyes, and Marietta was obliged to feed her with gum-balls from time to time to prevent her dropping off to sleep.

"What can there be in this little box?" Marietta asked, as she took up a small, square package. On the outside she read, —

MARIETTA ELLIS HAMILTON,
from her affectionate old friend,
MARIETTA ELLIS.

"Mrs. Ellis is the lady I 'm named for," she explained. "She 's the same to me that I am to your child Marietta."

"Do you love her as well as you love my child?"

"I don't know her as well, but I love her very much. I wonder how she knew I was here? Oh, Leonora! It is a locket! With a place in it for hair, too! How beautiful!" and Marietta held up a locket made of two round pieces of glass that were held together by a heavy chased gold ring. "I never had a locket before."

"Neal's present will just go with the locket," Leonora stated. "Look at that next. He chose it himself."

Marietta undid a small, soft parcel and found that it contained a ribbon, precisely the right size for the locket. It was red, white, and blue, and woven into it at intervals were white spread-eagles, holding thunderbolts in their claws.

"This is a very beautiful thing!" she exclaimed.

She had saved Ernest's present until the last. "I do wonder what color it is going to be, and what it is," she said.

It proved to be a bookmark which he had made himself. At the two ends were tassels made of loops of small beads strung together, and headed by a large white bead. The ribbon was — in the dim light she could hardly tell whether it was blue or green, but as she ran to the window to get a strong light on it she found that it was bright blue. This was a disappointment, but she had been somewhat prepared for it, and the beads were so very pretty that it did not matter. Half the loops at one end were made of white beads and the other half of blue, and on the other end each tassel had four blue beads, then a white one, then four more blue beads, and so on until it was completed. "I've never had so many

presents at once before," said Marietta, with a sigh of delight.

"You 've never been nine years old before."

"If I 'd been at home it would n't have made any difference if I 'd been ninety, for our family does n't think presents are important. When I grow up, even if I have sixteen children, I 'm going to give them all birthday presents, for they can't be young but once."

Marietta had thought that her presents were excitement enough, but something still more thrilling was in store for her. When she and Leonora went to the studio for the daily sitting, Mr. Hamilton said, "Well, Pollyetta, seems to me somebody has a birthday somewhere round this time."

"It 's to-day, father. It 's the thirteenth. Look, father, and see my beautiful presents," and she went close up to him so that he could have a good view of the tri-colored ribbon in all its glory, with the brave spread-eagles upon it, and of the glass locket held together by the gold ring. "There 's a place in it for hair, father. I 'd like to put mother's in, or yours, if it is long enough, but I suppose it is more suitable to put in Mrs. Ellis's hair, as she gave me the locket. I had other lovely things, too, only I could n't wear them. Beautiful grace-hoops and" —

"Look here, how would you two children like to go with me to the theatre to-night?" Mr. Hamilton asked, as carelessly as if it had been his habit to take them at least once a week.

"Father!"

"How splendid!"

Mr. Hamilton had the "Evening Transcript" in his hand. It was a baby paper in those days, both in age and size, for it was not much more than two years old, and there were only four pages, and these were but half as large as they are now. Such as it was, however, it had a warm welcome in Boston households.

"Listen to this," said Mr. Hamilton, and he read aloud: —

"'Splendid operatical spectacle in three acts of "Cinderella." The music composed by Rossini.

"'We noticed that a number of parents who carried children and young persons with them to see the feats of the fairy queen very injudiciously selected side boxes, and some of them those nearest the stage. In these situations much that is calculated particularly to amuse the youthful portion of the community is unseen and lost. We recommend them to choose seats as nearly in front of the stage as possible.'"

"If you two young ladies have no engagement for this evening, and if we can get good seats where nothing will be 'unseen and lost,' I shall be happy to take you."

"How kind of them to tell us what seats to get," said Marietta gratefully, as she eagerly seized the paper and read every word concerning the play.

The children were sure they ought to have their tea at four o'clock, as the doors of the theatre opened at half-past five, and they were much disturbed because Leonora's mother told them that a five o'clock supper would give them time enough.

"The curtain does not rise until half-past six," she said.

Mr. Hamilton did not reach the house until quarter-past six. Marietta was sure that he had not been able to get any seats, and Leonora had begun to be afraid that he had forgotten his plan, when his appearance set their fears at rest.

It was only a short walk from the Heaths' house to the Tremont Theatre, which was opposite the Tremont House, and it was a happy trio that went along the street together, a tall man between two small girls, who were as blissfully happy as it is possible for small girls to be. Marietta had never been inside the magic portals of a theatre, and so it

was exciting even to enter the corridor. They had excellent seats, and they sat for a few minutes in eager anticipation, staring at the drop-curtain and reading their play-bills.

"Felix, Prince of Salerno . . . Mr. Walton.
"Pedro, servant to the Baron . . Mr. Andrews.
"Cinderella . . . . . Mrs. Austen.
"Clorinda and Thisbe, daughters of Baron Pumpolino."

How very interesting it all sounded!

"I never knew the names of the proud sisters before," said Marietta.

At last the curtain rose, slowly.

"Oh, Leonora! Leonora!" Marietta cried.

She had never seen anything so beautiful. Even the dancing-school exhibition paled before the sight that now met her eyes. It was nothing more nor less than fairyland, — and such a fairyland! The brief announcement in the play-bill gave but a meagre idea of the charms of the scene: —

"Romantic haunt of the fairies on the borders of an extensive lake," were the cold words. Nothing was said of the fairy queen, that entrancing being who stood behind a sparkling waterfall, in diaphanous robes, so that she seemed a part of the silvery

spray. When the singing began, it was so sweet that it seemed as if color and sound had done all in their power to make an enchanting whole. Mr. Hamilton looked at the two absorbed young faces with even greater satisfaction than he took in the "Operatical Spectacle." They watched the play with breathless interest, as the scenes changed from fairyland to the baron's castle and then to Cinderella's kitchen. They sympathized intensely with poor Cinderella, who had to stay at home in her rags, while Clorinda and Thisbe went to the ball, but when the fairy godmother arrived and changed the pumpkin into a magnificent coach that slowly came up out of the floor, their wonder knew no bounds. A moment later the godmother waved her wand, and immediately Cinderella's dress parted in the middle, and the two halves were spirited away, while she stood before their astonished eyes resplendent in white satin and silver. When it came to the glorious ball-room scene they felt that the English language held no adjectives worthy of expressing their delight. All the ladies were dressed in magnificent brightly colored costumes sparkling with jewels, but when Cinderella appeared, eclipsing all the others by her loveliness, Marietta seized Leonora's hand and squeezed it tight, while an eloquent, deep-drawn

"Oh!" escaped her lips. And then Cinderella began to sing, and they almost forgot the beauty of her attire in their pleasure in her wonderful voice.

The reverse of the picture was sad enough, for just as the clock struck twelve the lovely vision vanished, and poor Cinderella was merely the little kitchen maid in her shabby clothes. The prince was left standing disconsolately with her slipper in his hand, not knowing whither the brilliant lady had gone, or whether he should ever see her again.

"It will all come out right," said Leonora. "The prince will find her. How glad I am that I know the story. It would be too sad if we did n't feel sure it was all coming out right in the end."

"I 'm glad it is n't 'Little Red Ridinghood,' for that is so terrible," said Marietta. "I can't stand it if stories don't come out well."

The ending was thoroughly satisfactory, except for the fact that there had to be an ending; the children would have liked the beautiful pictures to succeed one another forever. When it was all over and the drop-curtain once more shut out that enchanting holiday world, Marietta gave a sigh.

"I wish I could go to the theatre every night of my life," she said. "And instead of that, I shall be starting for home next week, where there won't be any theatre, or even any birthday for ever and ever so long. Well, I must try to look on the bright side. It will be good to see the family, and I suppose my doll-children will be glad to get me back."